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the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A Testimonial to John Kenneth Galbraith
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Jean-François Revel: A Note on Eurocommunism
Michael Novak: Marxist-Christian Monologue
Roger Kaplan: Is Paris Boring?
Robert Asahina: Tom Stoppard's Inanities
Charles S. Hyneman: Farewell to Federalism

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• April 16 to May 22. The village sorcerer of Alencon, France, was murdered as he slept in his cabin, despite the presence of magic potions too numerous to mention, a decapitated bird, and a hanged dog. On the evening of May 8, some 45 million Americans passed over "Race with the Devil," which was carried on another network, and watched ex-President Richard Nixon sweat through his rendition of the Watergate scandal. A week later Mr. David Frost interviewed him on foreign policy, and those Americans who find it interesting to read breakfast cereal boxes were rewarded when the thirty-seventh President discoursed on Chairman Mao Tse-tung's famous "thoughts," the most challenging of which was, "Nothing is hard if one dares to scale the heights"—and we all know how much heights-scaling is done in the Orient's showcase of rugged individualism.

• As the second interview progressed, Mr. Nixon quoted Mario Puzo's masterpiece *The Godfather* and colored his portraiture of Mao with examples of the immortal butcher's "incomparable humor," two specimens of which were enough to convince viewers that the world has not seen such a wag since Stalin. The next day the director of the Cincinnati city parks made it official—that twenty-year-old bald cypress, planted for Mr. Nixon in 1968 in Cincinnati's Presidential Park, is officially dead, a victim of frostbite.

• President Jimmy Carter flew to England for an economic summit, and proved he is not to be put down as a rube philistine by carrying on—perhaps somewhat excessively—over Mr. Dylan Thomas, the lyrical Welsh rummy who is Mr. Carter's favorite poet next to Mr. Bob Dylan. Mr. Thomas, whose liver let him down in 1953, has never been commemorated in Westminster Abbey's Poets Corner, a discovery that caused Mr. Carter a vast anxiety during his VIP tour of that ancient edifice. His first move was to "personally recommend" the poet to the Abbey's Archdeacon, and when that tactic produced only an embarrassed silence he promised to "pray for his soul if you'll memorialize him." Even this eventuated in naught. Soon the frustrated aesthete was planning to take his crusade to the South Wales fishing village where Mr. Thomas is interred, and only Prime Minister James Callaghan's warnings that the President's arrival there might rouse demonstrations among Welsh nationalists dissuaded our leader.

• The hearts of many old Washington hands were gladdened when a strategy memorandum from political adviser Patrick Caddell was leaked to the *New York Times*. In what has already become one of the Carter Administration's most notable state papers, Mr. Caddell urged President Carter to conduct a "continuing political campaign" and above all to avoid the dangerous lure of substance. "Too many good people have been beaten because they tried to substitute substance for style," Mr. Caddell asserted without divulging any recent casualties. A mob of Luddites and antiwar retreads were jailed by the progressive governor of New Hampshire, Mr. Meldrim Thomson, when they demonstrated against construction of the Seabrook nuclear power plant. And despite anthropologist Leo Srole's disclosure to the American Psychiatric Association that New Yorkers are in much better mental health than twenty years ago, Bella Abzug let slip her intention to run for mayor anyway. A two-year-old boy in Torquay, England, swelled to twice his size when he devoured four pounds of yeast dough while his mother slept on their kitchen table.

• The American experience at self-government continues to edify the world. The Maine House of Representatives solemnly debated whether December 21 will be set aside to honor Mr. Chester Greenwood, Esq., inventor of the ear muff. Mr. Greenwood's advocates were whipped into a veritable frenzy by oratorical explosions from the Hon. Stephen Gould, who allowed as how ear muffs had been crucial to his gestation as a statesman. "When I was a child my ears stuck out so far I was 6 years old before my parents knew whether I would walk or fly" —a revelation cleverly timed to take advantage of the great groundswell of sympathy now abroad in the Republic for other disabled citizens. On April 28 HEW panjandrum Joseph A. Califano, Jr. signed regulations forever banning discrimination against 35 million disabled Americans, 10 million alcoholics, and 1.5 million drug addicts. Never again will saloons be closed on Sunday; they will be open twenty-four hours a day and patrolled by Federal marshals. Federal funds can finally be appropriated for developing a cure for various kinds of hangover and cirrhosis; sick leave will be extended to sufferers from delirium tremens, overdose, and withdrawal symptoms. Further, the Federal government is now mandating "barrier free design," thus scotching Americans' primitive impulse to stare lasciviously every time a wheelchair approaches a flight of stairs or a public comfort station.

• In Detroit the National Organization for Women held its tenth annual hollering jamboree at a scary time for man-haters all over the Republic. The ERA is in critical condition in many states, and these daughters of liberty in convention assembled demanded a cut-off of federal funds to all states not sufficiently servile to the feminist imperative. As Miss Karen DeCrow declared, "Congress could vote to take away all federal funds from unratified states. Government contracts and water projects should be taken away." Thereupon the convention commenced a two-hour debate over a move to prohibit smoking on the convention floor. If Detroit already had such a statute, and if the statute were sufficiently aged, these perpetual grumblers would be demanding martial law for the Motor City.

• In Cincinnati the garrulous Judge Fred Cramer, who designed and wore a blue denim judicial robe as a "way of communicating with young people," has fallen unusually silent since a California tribunal asked Supreme Court Justice Marshall McComb to retire for reasons of senility. Justice McComb had been given to alternately napping during court sessions and breaking into a pother of fitness exercises during which he would count lustily and loudly, shout exhortations to himself. Actually Justice McComb's predicament has induced a weird silence throughout the judicial domain. Even Judge David L. Bazelon, the celebrated Washington jurist who has dedicated his life to certifying felonious assault as a constitutional right, has not been heard from—though a New Jersey court did award an $8,000 settlement to a high school girl who lost a braid during a classroom "misunderstanding."

• An infirmity known to the medical corps as Ludwig's angina has claimed the life of Mr. Willie Moore, who at 350 pounds was one of the most arresting attractions ever to roll down Miami Beach. The angina, known to the layman as a toothache, could have been thwarted had Willie, always somewhat the narcissist, allowed the tooth to be extracted. Yet, as his grief-stricken mother observed, he "always had nice white pretty teeth," and so Willie is an angel. So, for that matter, is Mrs. Sandra Ilene West, who dropped off March 10. Not until April 20 did California authorities admit her 1972 will stipulating that she be buried in her best lace nightgown and seated "at a comfortable angle" in her 1964 Ferrari. However, both car and carcass will be enclosed "in a wooden crate to preserve human dignity." Miss Leigh Sharon, known as the Vampire Girl on the burlesque circuit where she has charmed *aficionados* by performing from a casket, has arrived in Washington hoping to prove "to the President that stripping can be a classy business"—an undertaking that should prove easy if she has room in her casket for "A Child's Christmas in Wales."

• Congratulations are in order for Miss Debbie Brand of Hopkin, Missouri, who has been named National Pork Queen of the entire United States. Miss Brand insists that she will not be another do-nothing Pork Queen, and has promised to tour the country elucidating her thesis that pork is a meat "high in protein and thiamine." In Sacramento, California, Mr. Ray Valine, a former garbage collector, has shaved his head and is renting space thereon to advertisers. So far Mr. Valine's clients include a steel company and a saloon frequented by state legislators. Mr. Valine retired from the garbage-collecting profession when employers gave him "a hard time" for dressing up like a bunny and giving children on his route "treats" during the Easter season. And the Rev. Robert Daniel Lover, pastor of Greensboro, North Carolina's Canaan Land Tabernacle Church and used-car dealer, has been arrested for soliciting female customers at his used-car lot to engage in prostitution.

• Finally, military experts are reluctant to say whether it was the increased firepower offered by a band of pygmies armed with bows and arrows or the arrival of a special purchase of $60,000 worth of Coca-Cola, but President Mobutu Sese Seko's loyalists seem to have beaten back an invasion of Cuban-trained Katangan gendarmes and preserved freedom and civilization in Zaire. —*RET*

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EDITORIAL

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Harvard's Tallest Tale

It is suggestive of the rich times in which we dwell that America's preeminent boomer of socialism, egalitarianism, and an end to hypocrisy in high places, is a millionaire economist and *bon vivant*, an erstwhile Harvard prof who winters in the Alps midst the rich and the powerful. When at home, he upbraids "the Establishment" for an honorarium that would make Norman Thomas blush, occasionally harangues defenseless students, and otherwise devotes himself to huckstering flyblown treatises that are snickered at by all serious economists even as they are snatched up as Book-of-the-Month Club selections.

In a time of shifting gullibility and evolving delusions I take the forty-year dance of Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith as solid evidence that there is a Heavenly Father who deeply cares for his struggling children here on the good ship earth. Had Dr. Galbraith not forsaken an Iona Station, Ontario, dung heap some four decades ago for a cosmetic Ph. D. at Berkeley, America would be bereft of one of the most obvious and entertaining mountebanks since Aimee Semple McPherson or Gerald L.K. Smith. This would be a sad loss, for Dr. Galbraith is a stunning exemplification of what Lewis Lapham calls the Great Trick; he has managed to turn himself and all that he discharges into a highly lucrative commodity. Mailer has done it. The slob Warhol has done it. But Galbraith is one of the few academics who have managed it. More than anyone else Galbraith exemplifies the changed conditions of modern America. The Tennessee rube of yore has been replaced by the demi-educated sophisticate. Peruna bows out to Valium and health foods; and the fluent honeyfogler who once worked the hill-apes of Arkansas now gets fat and mellow on the earnest intellectualoid. Yesterday's yokel forked up his discretionary income for relief from bodily groans and spiritual fright; the intellectualoid looks to the likes of Dr. Galbraith and so has his fantasies nourished and his soul well-greased.

Now to mark Dr. Galbraith down as a mountebank is admittedly to rattle the china, for he is admired by many of the Republic's most eminent minds. Through the years his intellectual circle has included such luminous figures as Eugene McCarthy, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., George McGovern, Angie Dickinson, you name it. Anyone ever thrown into a Kennedy swimming pool has at one time or another come under his spell, and to show him a discourtesy is to play with fire. The old wizard's energies are legendary, and his personal charm brings to mind Beatrice Webb at the height of her powers.

Shortly after his friend and patron, John F. Kennedy, was murdered, Dr. Galbraith made the healing gesture of declaring, "We let the right inject this poison into the American blood stream and this is the result." It is a remark worth remembering, for it conveys not only Dr. Galbraith's magisterial sense of his own power, but also his sense of fair play. Moreover it suggests a major quality of his mind, that is, his ability instantly to abolish the truth in the service of the most highly ideologized absurdity. Think of it, President Kennedy lies dead, the only evidence available suggests that the assassin was a self-proclaimed Marxist and Castro sympathizer, and already Dr. Galbraith has grasped what would ultimately become the intellectualoid's solemn belief, to wit, that Kennedy fell to a rightist plot. Instinctively he understands how the intellectualoid's mind rebels at mere facts in a rush to embrace the inverted insight. His is a rare talent, and that it operates so unhesitantly and so unerringly even in time of sudden tragedy, marks it as rarer still.

One Hand Clapping

This immunity to the facts and this sure sense of the gullibility of his audience have become characteristic of his work and have made him a rich man. Yet Dr. Galbraith's life has not been all sauce and glory. True he has made a tidy fortune, but through it all he has had to endure the relentless prejudice and harassment of a dedicated band of small-minded men, the professional economists. Starting with the Keynesians and ending with the Friedmanites, they have all treated him unflatteringly. It is a mark of his incomparable achievement that—though no important economist accepts one of his books or any of his theories—John Kenneth Galbraith stands today as the most widely recognized economist in the country, perhaps the world. He is to economics what Harold Robbins is to the novel. The story of how he overcame the economists' narrow-minded assaults on his scholarship could inspire a whole generation of Clifford Irvings.

Apparently at the outset of his career the economists sought to sink him by a conspiracy of silence, for up to 1952 he was one of the least discussed scholars laboring at that gloomy science. He had written three books, all of which by his own admission had failed to have any impact at all. Professionally speaking, he was the sound of one hand clapping. But only if you have been in the deepest valley can you ever know how magnificent it is to be on the highest mountain, and Dr. Galbraith now yearned for that mountain. In a manifesto that today takes on great significance he vowed that he "would not be ignored.... From now on I would put in an extra year on the writing to engage a larger audience, and because of that the other economists would have to react to me."

What a difference a year makes was shown in his very next book, *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*. It sold over 100,000 copies. Now the great man had his wider audience. Unfortunately he had also provoked the economists to react. They hooted him down for claiming that industrial concentrations stimulate the growth of large labor concentrations, and they threw in the *coup de grâce* by pointing to the coal and trucking industries, two loosely concentrated industries famous for their powerfully concentrated unions. They flayed him for his notion that giant union, giant industry, and giant government all countervail against one another, checking each other's potential abuse of power. It was patently absurd to believe that the three have different interests when, as George Stigler pointed out, all three may very well develop a common interest in fleecing the consumer.

The publication of *American Capitalism* marked a crucial turning point in Dr. Galbraith's career. It contained no research at all, and while economists were delayed by testing his hypotheses, the book became a best seller with those whose ears fill with sirens every time economic questions arise. By the time the economists began stoning him, Dr. Galbraith had assured himself the professorial equivalent of the guaranteed income; the book had made the bibliographies of introductory social science courses everywhere. The lesson was not lost on the great man, and from that point on, not one of his books would be enfeebled by documentation.

The bombardment that Dr. Galbraith has endured from the Republic's economics departments is eminently well-deserved, but often Adam Smith's progeny grow unruly, dismissing him as a devotee of alchemy or the Lysenko of economics, and resorting to ribaldry too coarse to quote to nonacademic company. Here they go too far, for Dr. Galbraith's habit of ignoring facts and delivering up unsupportable asseverations has constituted a very positive contribution to the study of economics: In attracting mobs of outraged economists he has stimulated a huge amount of scholarly work. This was notably

(*continued on page 36*)

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Jean-François Revel

A Note on Eurocommunism

There is no such thing as Eurocommunism.
There is only Italocommunism.

Two expressions have recently entered with perturbing effect into Western political commentary: "historical compromise" and "Eurocommunism." The first has a legitimate birth and father, Enrico Berlinguer, leader of the most important of the Communist parties functioning in democratic nations; it dates from the fall of 1973. The second expression, whose origins are bourgeois and anonymous, appeared in 1975. It was not conceived by the Communists, but the contagious force of its immediate success quickly caused them to adopt it. Enrico Berlinguer first used it in a public speech in June 1976 in Paris, during a turbulent joint rally of French and Italian Communists.

What general impression does the public get from the surprising repudiations and declarations that make up the offer of the historical compromise and Eurocommunism, also known as neo-communism? What the Western Communist chiefs would like the citizens of their countries to be convinced of by their new line comes down to two main ideas. In foreign affairs, the Western Communist parties say they have become independent of Moscow; at home, they henceforth accept democracy, pluralism in political parties, and those basic freedoms that in Marxist-Leninist tradition had always been dismissed contemptuously as "formal." In short, they promise not to take power unless they win it by universal suffrage, to respect the rights of their opponents while they hold it, and to surrender it if they are beaten in an election.

Thus proclaiming themselves purged of their Stalinist essence, the Western Communist parties offer their candidacy for normal participation in political responsibilities, "normal" meaning compatible with the rotation of different majorities in power without the risk of an irreversible and authoritarian change of regime. In fact, since the Second World War, the exercise of power in countries with a strong Communist party has been radically warped by the anomaly of opposition without alternation in office. In France and Italy especially, the Communist parties can achieve considerable electoral success, but an invisible barrier stands between them and power: For to give them power would amount to taking a one-way ticket for an unknown social system that perhaps would be managed from Moscow. That invisible barrier also blocks the route to power for those who are too intimately allied with the Communists.

Are the Communists of Western Europe sincere in their recent profession of faith in democracy? Since for sixty years they have practiced deceit and the sudden reversal of the party line all over the world, we have the right to be particularly skeptical in their case. And yet, strangely enough, doubting their honesty is today viewed in the West as being in poor taste (not just in Europe, but among political science practitioners in the United States and Canada). Not to believe them is said to amount to "a return to the cold war." In this sense, the Communists have already won the psychological battle, and in any event their democratic overture is a perfect public relations operation.

What can we say with certainty about neo-communism, if we judge it on its performance?

A first observation is that no Communist party has ever democratized power, when it held power, in the country in which it held it. Furthermore, on the only occasion in the West when a Communist party had the opportunity to offer solid proof of its good will by participating in the construction of a pluralist democracy—the case of Portugal—the Communist minority (about 10-12 percent of the vote) used illegal and violent methods in an all-out attempt to win total power. Those socialist regimes, like Algeria, which though not Communist follow the principles of economic collectivism also seem unable to do without a totalitarian political organization. Communist promises to respect democratic methods in the exercise of power have to this date never been put to the test. Those promises emanate from Communist parties which have never held power, or at least not enough power to eliminate other political forces.

Yet the will of the Western Communists to be independent of Moscow seems authentic. It is not new among the Italians, but rarely has it been as clearly stated as it was by Berlinguer in his speeches to the 25th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in February 1976 in Moscow, and to the summit conference of European Communist parties in East Berlin in June. Among the French, by contrast, it is very recent. It dates from the fall of 1975 and, as always with them, it took the form of a sudden shift. The recognition of the right to autonomy in "national ways" to achieve socialism and the rejection of the "single Soviet model" were clearly affirmed, against the desires of Moscow ideologues like Mikhail Suslov and contrary to the wishes of Leonid Brezhnev, in whose mind this summit, so laboriously prepared for two years, was to confirm the authority and the primacy of the Soviet Communist party over all others. It was a serious setback for the Soviets, so much so that the Soviet press printed expurgated versions of the speeches of the Western Communist leaders and of the final statement, eliminating the most heretical passages, so that the people of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe remain unaware that Moscow is no longer the capital of world or even European Communism and that its regime is challenged in the West by the Communists themselves. (1) But the seeking of

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Jean-François Revel, a columnist for the French weekly L'Express, *is author of* Without Marx or Jesus. *This article appears in his forthcoming book,* The Totalitarian Temptation (*Translation Copyright 1977 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*).

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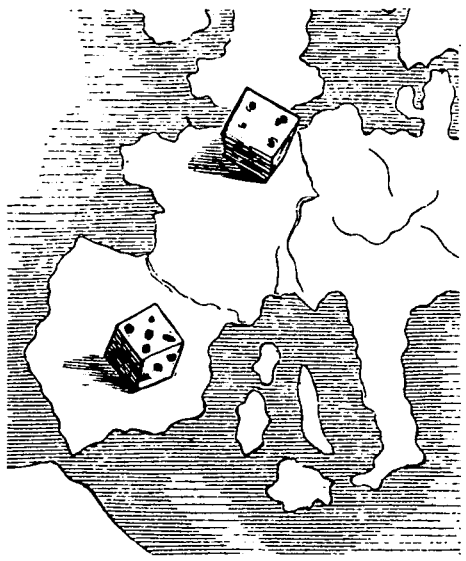
national autonomy in regard to Moscow is not the same thing as democracy at home—de-Russification does not by itself constitute democratization. The "nationalizing" of a Communist party does not mean it has been liberalized. The Chinese, the Albanians, the Yugoslavs, and the Romanians have been able to win total or partial independence from Moscow without democratizing their domestic rule; indeed they have become much *more totalitarian* at home than some docile satellites like Hungary or Poland. How would the Western Communist parties govern in their own countries? That is now the question.

If the Western Communists are holding the Soviet Union at arm's length, it is because they have become convinced that the Russian leaders do not understand how Western societies function and that remaining faithful to the old Marxist-Leninist gospel would doom Communism in the West to a role of eternal and hopeless opposition. In these societies, they have concluded, one must accept the rules of democratic pluralism, based on elections and alternation in power of majorities with different programs; which naturally entails freedom of speech, of information, and of culture, and (as Berlinguer said at the Berlin summit) "the non-ideological character of the state." The leaders of the Western Communist parties do not limit themselves, as did Tito, Mao, and Ceausescu, to demanding the right to oppress their fellow citizens in their own rather than the Russian manner; they define their "national way" as democracy and the rejection of oppression. The question then is whether this democratic way is compatible with the substance of Marxism. Are the Western Communist parties in the process of being transformed imperceptibly into reformist, social democratic parties? Or have they merely understood that they can put the electoral system to intelligent use to win office under perfectly legal conditions, and establish solid, uncontestable bases with a view to later achieving a monopoly on power? If the first hypothesis is accurate, then they must be allowed to participate in government in Western nations on the same terms as other political parties. But if the second hypothesis is correct, they must be denied that participation. But then the Western democracies would be betraying their own basic law, their reason for being, by discriminating against certain of their citizens, a discrimination that would poison public life. Which of the two hypotheses is the right one?



Let us first consider which countries the idea of Eurocommunism can apply to. The situations are so incomparably different that the idea appears to be a phantom. Greece has two Communist parties, one hostile to Moscow and the other favorable; between them they drew less than 10 percent of the vote in the most recent elections. They seem unlikely to be candidates for power for a long time, as do the Portuguese Communists (who received 7 percent of the vote in the presidential election of June 20, 1976). The Spanish Communist party, which was at once banned and tolerated until being legalized this April, slowed the country's cautious evolution toward democracy by demanding legalization immediately after Franco's death. The legalization which did take place this year provoked an immediate uproar in the army; had it taken place in 1975 or 1976, when the Communists were demanding it, it would probably have been too much for the heirs of Franco to swallow, and would have created a risk of civil strife and rightist backlash. Thus, although Santiago Carrillo, secretary-general of the party, is liberal in his statements, it must be observed that by his intransigence he has to the best of his ability pushed Spain toward a dangerous internal fragmentation. In order for the Spanish Communist party to participate someday in Spanish democracy, there must first *be* a Spanish democracy. But by making maximum demands, while at the same time proclaiming ultra-liberalism, the Spanish Communists have double-crossed democracy and almost prevented its birth. What is more, by opposing centrist solutions, Carrillo has produced guilt among the parties of the non-Communist Left, to the point of inspiring in them that servility toward Stalinism that one finds among the French Socialists. Here is an example:

In the March 27, 1976, issue of the Spanish magazine *Cuadernos para el Dialogo* (*Notes for a Dialogue*), the following appeared under the name of a non-Communist writer, Juan Benet: "I firmly believe that as long as people like Alexander Solzhenitsyn exist, the concentration camps will and must continue to exist. Perhaps they should even be under better surveillance, so that people like Alexander Solzhenitsyn cannot leave them without having acquired some education. But the mistake of letting them out having once been made, nothing seems to me to be more hygienic on the part of the Soviet authorities (whose tastes and criteria concerning subversive Russian writers I often share) than to seek a means of ridding themselves of such a plague." Now, *Cuadernos para el Dialogo* (a strange kind of dialogue!) is the organ of the left wing of the Christian Democrats in Spain! Recently it has allied itself with the Socialists and Communists. The editor of the magazine, Joachin Ruiz Gímenez, is the leader of the "left" Christian Democratic movement, and he is also the vice-president of the Institute of the Rights of Man in Strasbourg (the René Cassin Foundation). Juan Benet's article followed a Spanish telecast (March 20, 1976) in which Solzhenitsyn dared to say that the Spanish in 1976 enjoyed greater freedom, or endured fewer shackles on their freedom, than the Soviet people, a statement which is both accurate and easily proved, but which constitutes ideological heresy. In choosing what they call a "strategy of rupture," that is, a test of strength with the regime of King Juan Carlos and with the army, the Spanish leftist parties by their actions are contradicting the basis of the "Eurocommunist" strategy—even if Carrillo defends that strategy in speeches in Berlin, Paris, and Rome.

The situations of the French and Italian Communists, which have little relation to that of the Spanish, also differ greatly one from the other. French and Italian Communists agree on the "national way" as against the Soviet model and on the acceptance in theory of the rules of pluralist democracy. But beyond those two general principles, they agree on hardly anything else. The Italians are against extending the role of the public sector in the economy, while the French back a program of extensive nationalization. The Italians want to form a coalition with the Christian Democrats, a government of national union (minus the neo-fascists); the French, by contrast, reject not only any collaboration but even consultation with the majority of President Giscard d'Estaing and with the "reformers" of the center-left, in short with any political party which does not subscribe to the joint platform of the Left, which foresees the abolition of capitalism by means that explicitly reject social democracy (accused of collaboration with capitalism). The Italians are Atlanticist, advocates of European political unity and the election of the Parliament of Europe by direct universal suffrage; the French vehemently oppose that idea, waving the specter of "abandoning national independence" and seizing every opportunity to make of themselves, in opposition to Atlanticism and Europe, the champions of a kind of Red Gaullism.

In reality, therefore, there is no such thing as Eurocommunism. There is only Italocommunism.

In Italy the Communists propose not "rupture" but an *alliance* with the adversaries of Marxist socialism. This idea of the "compromise" came to Berlinguer from pondering the events in Chile. The fall of Allende, Berlinguer explained in a series of articles, (2) demonstrated that a Marxist coalition, even though victorious at the polls, could not manage society democratically without con-

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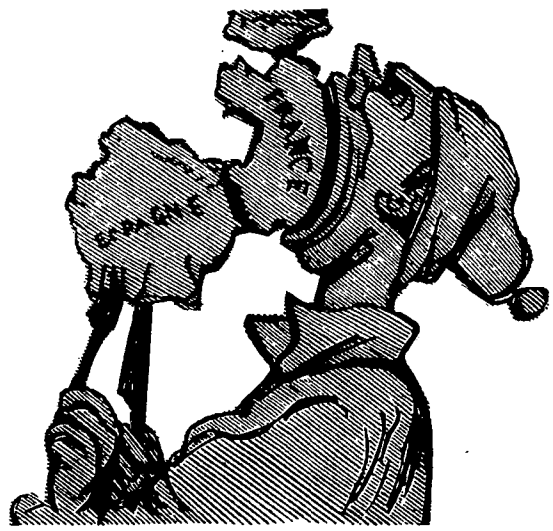
cluding a kind of pact of non-aggression and even of co-operation with its adversaries, at home as well as abroad. Even if the general elections of June 20 and 21, 1976, had made the Communists Italy's leading party, Berlinguer said he still would have sought an association with the Christian Democrats. Thus his analysis ruled out in advance any *complete* overturn in Italian politics. Besides, the election results made such an overturn impossible, at least in a democratic context. The Communists continued to gain ground after their success in the June 1975 regional elections, for their vote rose in twelve months from 32 to 34.4 percent of the total. But the Christian Democrats gained more ground, so that their lead over the Communists rose from barely 1.9 percent in 1975 to 4.3 percent in 1976.

But the heart of the matter lies elsewhere: If one wants to understand the historical compromise, one must examine areas other than government and the legislature. What matters much more is the *unofficial compromise which already exists in the nation*. The Communists may well come to control all Italy without having a single minister in the Cabinet. First of all, virtually three-quarters of the laws adopted since the 1946 origin of Italy's present institutions were drafted in consultation with the Communists. Furthermore, for a long time, but especially since the regional elections of 1975, the Communists have held power in the main provinces and in almost all the major cities. Even Rome now has a Communist city administration. This regional power carries a lot of weight in a nation where the central administration has far fewer prerogatives than it does in France, and besides is operated by a totally ineffectual bureaucracy.



As for the economy, the big industrialists are the first to say that Communist participation is indispensable to the management of Italy. The best-known among them, Giovanni Agnelli, repeated that belief after the 1976 elections in a striking interview published in four languages in four European papers. (3) And why should Berlinguer demand nationalization when the Italian economy is already in the process of nationalizing itself, spontaneously and on the sly? In fact, Italian capitalism is dying; for a long time it has been incapable of capitalist "accumulation." Shareholders and entrepreneurs no longer hold power. Firms live on their loans from the banks, which in the last resort means the Bank of Italy: On the one hand, then, they are increasingly at the mercy of credit accorded by the state; on the other, they are ever more under the control of the unions, which in turn are largely controlled by the Communists.

In May 1976, for example, the industrial association of Bologna published a report in which it deplored "the sort of crusade against management as such, a crusade carried on not only by certain politicians or union leaders, but also by part of the intellectual and cultural world, and even the judiciary." In support of that view, the report told about the landmark case of a judge who convicted the head of a business of "anti-union behavior" because he had anticipated his employees' demands and thus had cut the ground from under the unions' feet! (4) Here again, why should the Communist party mount a violent assault on the means of production and distribution? It would be superfluous: Italian business already is almost in a situation of direct management by the unions, subsidized by the state, which in turn is subsidized by foreign capitalism. Thus, in a sense the Italian Communists are already in power, and they are adopting a conciliatory stance to avoid a backlash. They have succeeded in dominating the society rather than seeking in vain to gain control of the state. In so doing the Italian Communists have only been following, to the letter and for a long time, the teaching of their great theoretician, Antonio Gramsci. Gramsci's principle was that the Italian Communist party must begin by influencing the culture, winning the intellectuals, the teachers, implanting itself in the press, the media, the publishing houses. The party has been doing just that since 1945 and it has been spectacularly successful. A majority of the most prestigious names in art, film, and literature are Communists or Communist sympathizers. But, more profoundly though less visible to foreigners, the fundamental establishment of the Communist view of the world and of history will become evident to anyone who takes the trouble to study schoolchildren, for example, and to examine the textbooks they currently use.

In Gramsci's view, the state will become separated from the ruling class when the latter is no longer capable of managing it, and then it will fall like a ripe fruit. So there is no reason to seek combat. As a strategy, that isn't "Leninist," but it certainly is effective.

In order to help win acceptance of their omnipresence within the nation, the Italian Communists are careful not to challenge foreign policy. The historical compromise can be stated as follows: the state to the Christian Democrats and the nation to the Communists. Which amounts to saying: foreign policy to the Christian Democrats and domestic policy to the Communists. Five days before the 1976 elections, Enrico Berlinguer declared that, as of June 1976, he felt more at ease building Italian socialism under the protection of NATO than if Italy were a member of the Warsaw Pact. (5) By contrast, the French Communists want to change the fundamentals of French foreign policy.

After "Eurocommunism," the "historical compromise," and the demand for "national ways to socialism," the great sensation of the beginning of 1976 was the French Communist party's repudiation of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." That alone was enough to make many exclaim as if they had seen a miracle. They forget just two things. First, no Communist party *actually holding power* has ever renounced dictatorship; the Western parties at the moment are renouncing a power they do not have. Secondly, the "renunciation of the dictatorship of the proletariat" is a theme that appears periodically in the history of Communism, as does the proclamation of independence from Moscow.

On this subject Kostas Papaioannou reminds us of some damning evidence:

> As early as 1946 all the Communist parties in the world (including the Chinese) had discovered the virtues of "democracy" ("progressive," "people's," or "new") as well as the relativity of the Soviet "model" and the plurality of "national ways." As Mathias Rakosi, the well-known apostle of the independence of the Hungarian nation, said, "in the last twenty-five years the Communist parties of the world have learned that there exist several paths that lead to communism." Another important "democrat," George Dimitrov, said in his turn, "Bulgaria will not be a Soviet republic, but a people's republic, in which the governing role will be played by the great majority of the people. There will be no dictatorship."
>
> But doubtless the prize goes to Klement Gottwald, the future president of the people's republic of Czechoslovakia. In a report he made on September 25, 1946, to the central committee of the party, he went so far as to say, "As experience has already shown, and as we have been taught by the classics of Marxism and Leninism, the dictatorship of the proletariat and the Soviets is not the only way to socialism. Given the presence of certain forces in the international sphere (the proximity of the Red Army) and in the domestic sphere (a position in the Ministry of the Interior), we can envisage still another path leading to socialism...that is equally true for our country." (*Rude Pravo*, September 26, 1946.)
>
> Several days later, and after recalling that the means by which the Soviet Union blazed its trail to socialism do not represent the only possibility, Gottwald added, "...Marxism conceived in a creative spirit always

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takes into account the concrete situation, the time and the place, when it determines its attitude toward a given problem....A new kind of democracy is born, we call it people's democracy. Thus life in practice has confirmed the theoretical provisions of the Marxist classics, according to which there exists a way to socialism other than that which passes by way of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the Soviet regime. Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Poland, and also Czechoslovakia have engaged themselves on this other way." (*Rude Pravo*, October 5, 1946.) (6)

There were many then who thought the Communists had changed. In France, Maurice Thorez, secretary-general of the party, who had spent the entire war in Moscow, gave on his return to Paris in 1946 a resounding interview to the *Times* of London in which he explained that the French party would henceforth establish its political line in complete independence, without letting itself be influenced by Moscow.

Three years later, all these positions were in their turn repudiated, and the victims of the Budapest and Moscow trials paid for the new line with their lives. As Papaioannou points out:

"We continually emphasized and spread the theory of Czechoslovakia's supposed special path toward socialism," "confessed" Josef Frank, assistant to the secretary-general of the Communist party and one of the victims of the Slansky trial. For his part, Ludvik Frejka, Gottwald's chief economic adviser, "confessed" that "...to achieve our conspiratorial designs, more precisely, to achieve the plans of the Western imperialists, especially the American monopolists, we spread among the Czechoslovak people our opportunistic theory, according to which it is possible to build socialism without the dictatorship of the proletariat...."

We know what followed: the hangings, the terror, the total loss of national independence, the cultural stagnation, the transformation of Czechoslovakia into an underdeveloped country....

Since 1920, there have always been two phases in Communist party tactics: the open phase of the extended hand, and the closed, hard phase of the "class front" or "class struggle." The two alternate with punctual regularity, and great skill is employed in finding a new vocabulary for each return to the open phase. Political propaganda depends on the shortness of memory; it gambles on the amnesia of the masses and, even more incredible, that of many "specialists."

Thus, in order to evaluate the import of any new Communist party line, one must consider, as one does for any other political party, not declarations of intent but actual behavior. And in practice the French Communist party remains Stalinist. Since its switch in favor of pluralist democracy, the party has loosed on the public an avalanche of books on liberty, laborious homework essays, schoolchildren's term papers written on management orders, by the young, by the old—unaware of the comic implication of these manifestoes for freedom, all written on command and pouring forth within a few months, fruits of the marvelous spontaneity of minds working in a harmony as close as the co-ordination between the hand and the eye. But in spite of this feverish libertarian output, the methods of *L'Humanité* remain Stalinist: It never discusses a point of view, it only discredits the person. Even those journalists who are sympathetic to the Communists, if they are unfortunate enough to differ even in the slightest degree from the positions taken by the party, are accused of being "agents of the Minister of the Interior," that is, police collaborators, a level of political discourse that is purely Stalinist. Here is one example among many (from *L'Humanité*, May 13, 1976):

Le Monde never marks time in its anti-communism. Under the signature of Thierry Pfister, *Le Monde* writes that in view of the supposed "many reservations provoked by the line adopted by the 22nd Congress...the political bureau of the French Communist party decided at its meeting May 11 to mark time." This pseudo-information calls for just one comment. Does the fact that this paper and/or this journalist are lending a helping hand to operations aimed at the Communist party and its policies mean that they *now are in the service of M. Poniatowski?*" (7) (*Le Monde* made no protest.)

Within the French Communist party—as evident in the voting in the party organizations, the elections to positions of leadership, the ban on factions within the party, the always unanimous votes in support of the leadership, and the bureaucratic authoritarianism in the Confédération Générale du Travail (the unions run directly by a member of the party's political bureau and the brutality of the CGT's thugs)—the basic personality remains totalitarian, despite the party's rhetorical efforts to disavow it. As Branko Lazitch, one of the most encyclopedic experts on Communism, wrote: "Why should the French Communist party, if tomorrow it is in the government, respect the freedom of action of the *anti-Communist* opposition when it does not tolerate the slightest Communist opposition within its own ranks?" (8)

Nor is there any democracy *within* the Italian Communist party. Thus Lazitch's quite accurate observation applies equally to Italy. If the Communists have become sincerely democratic, why do they not prove it *right now*? Instead, they prove the contrary every day.

Furthermore, the totalitarian philosophy has spilled over onto the French Socialists, for while the latter have become more numerous at the polls than the Communists, they have on the other hand become ideologically submissive to them. Their intolerance is in no way inferior to that of vintage Stalinists. Thus, the Socialist philosopher François Châtelet, a member of the "study group" formed by François Mitterrand to draw up the "Socialist charter of freedoms," stated that: "The fascist state is the free state reduced to its essence." (9) That is the most orthodox of Marxist-Leninist views on the state. If, then, *for the Socialists* (not just the Communists), there is *no essential difference* between a fascist state and a free state, how can we believe that they will vigorously defend the latter? It would seem logical that other objectives would have higher priority. In addition, a delegation of the French Socialist party invited in 1976 by the Hungarian government declared that it was "favorably impressed by the successes in the building of socialism by the Hungarian people *under the direction of the working class and its party*," (10) thus adopting as its own a Stalinist formula, without the slightest reservation, to praise a party that governs alone and by totalitarian methods. (11)

The political analyst must follow the historian's procedure of affirming nothing that is not based on documents that are verified and authenticated. History, of which political analysis is a branch, is based not on favorable or unfavorable prejudices but on distinguishing facts that can be confirmed from conjectures that cannot. A politician has the right to *bet* on unconfirmable conjectures, at his own risk (or rather at the risk of others); the analyst must refuse to do so and must limit himself to facts that can be confirmed.

What are the facts about Eurocommunism that can be confirmed? In summary:

1) The Communists in all the nations that they govern maintain the structure of the totalitarian state, that is, a total monopoly over the economy, politics, the police, unions, culture, the legislature, the judiciary, the military, information, and education.

2) The proclamation of "national ways" to achieve socialism independently of Moscow in no way changes the first point. The Chinese and the Albanians have long since broken with Moscow, but they remain no less totalitarian.

3) In the case of the Communist parties that are not in power and that operate in the West, the theme of renouncing the dictatorship of the proletariat is not new, and furthermore is not accompanied by any democratization within those parties. At the present time, taking a rigorously historical view, we lack decisive proof as to how they would wield power were they in office.

4) If Eurocommunism and the "renunciation of the dictatorship of the proletariat" mean anything, they must lead to an open and avowed transition from a Marxist-Leninist character to a reformist and social democratic character. Without that, the purported new line of the Communist parties *has no logical coherence and no practical possibility of being implemented*. But no Western party has yet dared to break ranks in that direction, because to do so would threaten with disintegration the internal cohesion of the party, which is based on centralism and obedience.

5) The meaning of this tactic thus is limited. Without denying that there may be a sincere evolution toward social democracy among some *individuals*, like Dubcek and probably Berlinguer,

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one must not lose sight of the fact that the essential thrust of Communist movements is still toward monopoly power. Up to now, their behavior makes sense only in terms of the conquest of monopoly power, whatever "ways" or means may be considered most likely to result in that conquest. □

1. The Italian Communist daily, *L'Unità*, printed in boldface type the passages that *Pravda* had censored from the speeches of Berlinguer and other Western leaders.

2. Enrico Berlinguer, "Riflessioni sull' Italia dopo i Fatti del Cile," *Rinascita*, September 28, October 5 and 9, 1973.

3. The *Times* of London, *Le Monde, La Stampa, Die Welt*, July 6, 1976.

4. Quoted in *Il Sole 24 Ore*, May 15, 1976.

5. Interview in *Corriere della Sera*, June 15, 1976. This statement was omitted from the text of the interview published the following day by the Communist paper *L'Unità*, probably to avoid shocking the party rank and file.

6. *L'Express*, January 26, 1976.

7. The Minister of the Interior. Emphasis added. Can one imagine the howls of rage from the Communist leaders should one or another of them be accused of being in the service of the KGB?

8. "Les Communistes et la liberté," *Le Figaro*, February 10, 1976.

9. *Elements pour une analyse du fascisme* (Paris, 1976). (Seminar by M.-A. Macciochi.) The sentence above was quoted and approved by the Socialist weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, June 21, 1976.

10. *Le Monde*, June 1, 1976.

11. We might add that the failure of Hungary's "new economic structure" as well as the people's absolute contempt for the system, socialism in general, and Marxism in particular, are known to all visitors and observers. So why should the French Socialist party act as propagandist for a regime that the Hungarians only endure under Soviet compulsion?

Charles S. Hyneman

Leviathan Unbound

The concentration of power in Washington is stifling political diversity and experiment, and undermining representative government.

In a recent national poll a sample of the American population was asked whether big business, big labor organizations, or big government appeared to present the greater threat to personal freedom in the United States. More of the respondents named big government than either big business or big labor, and big government led in the contest for greatest threat by a substantial margin. The continuing concentration of authority in Washington long ago became a critical problem for me, and at least a decade ago a reallocation of authority resulting in increased reliance on state and local governments moved into first place on my list of political goals. It affords me no little pleasure to learn that the wilderness I have been exhorting may be home ground for a lot of people ready to hear what I have to say.

I.

Until a decade or more after the Civil War had ended, the business of the national government was mainly confined to conduct of foreign affairs and the defense of the nation, provision for a monetary system, and encouragement or construction of internal improvements. The 1880s saw the first steps in a monstrous expansion of national authority that we are now familiar with and may well have had too much of. Regulation of interstate railway traffic was initiated in 1887. The first anti-trust act restraining monopoly in business and industry came three years later. In 1913 a constitutional amendment opened up all the pocketbooks of the nation to a federal income tax, and ten years after that the Supreme Court ruled that the national government can invade any aspect of American life subject to governmental authority in so far as its objectives can be achieved by imposition of a tax or outlays of money. The avalanche of New Deal legislation launched in 1933 touched virtually every aspect of production, commercial dealing, employment, and finance that seemed critically related to recovery from the Depression or to the vitality of the American economy. For a few years these unprecedented projections of national power met some resistance in state and federal courts but by 1937 a conservative majority in the Supreme Court had given way to a successor majority appointed by the mastermind of the New Deal, and what had been regarded as invasions of the domain of the states were declared to be necessary and proper executions of power vested in the United States. It is now widely believed, and I should think with good reason, that those who make the policies coming out of the national government are no longer restrained in any significant measure by uncertainties as to what may be necessary and proper for exercise of a delegated power or by a supposition that certain matters were reserved by the Constitution for determination by state governments.

This is not the end of the matter. Congressmen, bureaucrats, and judges are now engaged in stretching out the equal-protection-of-the-laws clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to distances which create a lively prospect that the ability of state and local governments to provide model demonstrations of public service will be sharply curtailed. The forward-looking venture of a local government in extension of health services or improvement in the quality of education, for example, results in a non-uniformity or unevenness in benefits at the hands of government readily observable whan a larger scene is surveyed. From a long time before the establishment of republican government on this continent diversity in governmental policies was thought to be appropriate so long as equal treatment was accorded to all within the particular jurisdiction. Hills and valleys on the political map were proof that backward communities, by looking about them, could contemplate models of imaginative and bold endeavor to advance the common good.

It is not to be supposed that any devotee of an egalitarian dogma deplores experimentation or the display of exemplary statecraft.

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But the forward-looking experiment ordinarily carries a sizable price tag and only a city or county enjoying above-average per capita wealth enters upon the venture. Wherever and whenever this occurs the local authorities will have impounded for the benefit of local residents resources that a larger political jurisdiction might have seized and carried away to improve life in places less fortunate. This raking up of resources where they can easily be got at and dropping them in places where social needs run far ahead of capacity to provide has from the beginning been a feature of federal government in this country. Indeed it is a consequence of all taxation that is proportionate to wealth; the rich put more in than they will get back in service and the poor get back more than they put in. Grants-in-aid programs were consciously designed to expand this evening-up process.

The issue for our time is not whether the spreading-about of resources and the evening-up of social conditions ought to continue. The thing that requires a severe scrutiny is the prospect that the contemporary enchantment with equality will speed up the raking-away and the spreading-about process to the point where experimentation under local impulse is drastically curtailed and models of public service and community improvement become sparse on the landscape.

This is one prospect that impels us to a severe scrutiny of the enormity of the national establishment and the mazes which must be penetrated in order to do business with it. The other fearsome prospect is that the national government, if it has not already arrived at that state, is rapidly transforming itself into a machine which will fix goals and set itself upon courses of action without effective direction and control by elected officials. This is Leviathan freed of its shackles. The more I read and listen to others about our predicament the more confirmed is my judgment that we are caught in a regime and are headed for further entanglement in a regime that not only permits but requires most of the innovations and evolutionary changes in national policy to be made by men and women whose names are unknown to more than a few of the millions of Americans whose fortunes are affected by their decisions. They order and decree in their own right by virtue of authority vested in them by statute, and they shape decisions of Congress and Presidents by virtue of their control over critical information. And in increasing measure they either answer to no one for their deeds or they answer in such a roundabout way that no one outside a restricted community of political leaders hears the explanations, justifications, or apologies which they offer.

Most of the faceless decision-makers are in the administrative branch of the national government but they are proliferating by leaps and bounds on Capitol Hill. As of now the infestation penetrates more deeply into the deliberations of the Senate than into those of the House. I have been advised by some inhabitants of the legislative precincts that consideration of and response to a broad perspective of public interests and demands are more thoroughly and finally frustrated by the staffs of congressional committees and the personal staffs of Senators and Representatives than by big and little executives in the administrative departments. As to the current state of competition in this race to camouflaged tyranny, I have no sure knowledge.

Government by unidentified men and women in Washington may well be infinitely preferable to what comes out of authoritarian and totalitarian regimes now visible in all quarters of the globe. But both authoritarian and totalitarian behavior seem to me to be the promise of the future for America if we continue in the direction we have been moving for several decades. It seems to me to be a rule of politics that when politically-minded individuals, subject to popular election and replacement, cease to make the critical decisions of government, the decisions either respond to pressures imposed by special interests or they respond to a compulsion for uniformity in application and impact. No justification is required for abhorrence of the first eventuality. I think contemplation quickly supplies a justification for abhorrence of the second. Uniformity in application and impact of public policies as pervasive as those by which we are now regulated, forces conformity upon the nation. It represses cultural differences and disarms countervailing centers of power. A nation spread over as much geography as ours, rapidly moving to a head count of 300 million people, rooted in the traditions of a score of European, Asian, African, and American nationalities, and oriented by a patchwork of loyalties, cannot escape loss of attractiveness and atrophy of freedom as it is cramped into the molds of conformity.

This is a grossly unpleasant prospect and, for me, enormously outweighs any losses likely to be incurred because state and local officials are not now imbued with standards and know-how for efficient administration, and are more likely than their counterparts in Washington to respond to pressures generated by friends, former associates, and special interests.

II.

The first two hundred years (less a decade) of our experience with federalism must have tested pretty thoroughly the utility of a division of authority that until recently was remarkably simple in its main outline. The state governments were governments of general or inclusive jurisdiction; the national government was one of restricted jursidiction. Whatever it was appropriate for government to do the state governments might continue to do unless an aspect of life or sector of affairs had, by reasonable interpretation of the Constitution, been transferred to the national government or was of such a character that common sense saw it to be requisite for the survival and operation of the national government. Some objects of government were lifted from state authority and vested exclusively in the national government (establishment and regulation of currency, for example); other objects were allowed to remain in the states until Congress might "occupy the field" (e.g., regulation of various aspects of interstate commerce); still other objects of government control might fall in both national and state domain so long as state action did not negate policies of the national government and so long as the governed did not suffer egregiously from the conflicts of authority incipient in dual control.

Reason insists that if Congress has a choice as to when it shall occupy a field of affairs it may when it chooses abandon that field and allow state or local governments to resume a control they once before exercised. And if Congress may relinquish control entirely, surely it is permitted to loosen its hold partially or conditionally, stipulating that the states or local governments which pick up jurisdiction shall confine their action within certain limits or meet certain standards specified in federal legislation. No doubt instances of both abandonment and conditional release of federal control can be cited; impressive precedents are lacking, however. It must be the case that language issuing from courts of high jurisdiction promises judicial approval of a variety of strategies for removing an overload of responsibilities from Congress, President, and national administrative departments. The hard fact seems to be that Presidents and Congressmen have been so occupied in scanning the horizon for new business to undertake that they have not noticed old business poorly done that ought to be dropped off to sub-national jurisdictions.

The management of relations with other countries and preparation for war must continue to be the responsibility of the President and Congress; just as truly must regulation of the monetary system, and, at least for periods of time, regulation of nationwide transportation of persons and commodities and many other aspects of life and affairs which because of their character enmesh themselves in a national system. Business which by near-universal agreement must remain in the charge of Congress and President and which calls for political judgments may require more investigation and thought than, as of now, the elected officials in

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Washington can possibly find time to provide. More of the same looms on the horizon. All of past experience tells us that the range of public interests which the national government must look after inevitably increases as scientific knowledge and know-how expand. Mobilization, conservation, and distribution of energy; exploration and occupancy of space; the intrusion of biological engineering into cell structures and genes; limitation of population with its spawn of demands for quotas by nations and ethnic groups within nations. Can anyone fail to see ahead a towering importance for directing and regulating action by the national government of the United States; even if it sheds itself of every vestige of authority that lesser governments can pick up and carry? Can anyone doubt that such problems increasingly will tax the Congressmen for every moment of time they can possibly give them?

Some kinds of public business can be given a national administration without making more than trivial inroads on the time and thought of the elected officials. Congress and President were relieved of immense burdens when they unloaded the recurring revision of import taxes onto a Tariff Commission; claims against the federal government onto a claims court; the operation of the Tennessee Valley empire onto a public corporation. Other business that now heads for the White House or crowds onto legislative calendars can be shunted away by assigning it to quasi-autonomous authorities equipped with the sensory apparatus that assures response to a wide range of public interests. Allowing that massive use is made of such instruments there remains still pressing need to get a massive stock of business out of Washington and its regional headquarters and into state capitols, city halls, and county courthouses.

Where some measure of uniformity in policies and administration is essential, it may be desirable to encumber the assignment with specification of standards which must be observed and limits within which state and local policies must be confined, and to attach a pronouncement that when intolerable departures from federal requirements occur officers of the national government will enter the appropriate state offices to provide supervision or supplant the local administration. This, I think, ought to be an exceptional devolution of authority. Mainly, the goal should be to sever the connection, to take business away from Washington lock, stock, and barrel.

The crisis is not limited to the fact that Washington has more business in its charge than it can spread a proper attention over. The national crisis lies in good part in the fact that we are stretching the values of uniformity to the point where they become counterproductive. Beyond that, our enchantment with the values of uniform condition under the law has blinded us to the values of proximity to the sources of the law we live under. One who doubts that lodgment of discretionary power in state and local authorities encourages a wider participation in government by the citizenry, or questions the virtue accredited to participatory involvement, still must acknowledge that the closer the connection of people to the officialdom that rules them the greater the chance that they will learn who is entitled to confidence, who ought to be watched, and how to safeguard one's interests in the face of officials who cannot be trusted. □

Stephen Miller

Conjuring Up Spirits

Morris Dickstein's Gates of Eden *reduces cultural criticism to cliché. We learn, for example, that "Dylan went electric at almost the very moment that Lyndon Johnson began bombing North Vietnam...."*

I

Americans, we have been told, are not especially interested in history. Yet we are, it seems, fascinated by the history that borders upon the present, for we devour material about the recent past: the twenties, the thirties, the fifties, the sixties. Contemplating these decades, we can indulge in nostalgia or in quick generational comparisons: the way we were, or the way our parents were. And the way we were means the way we were culturally, taking culture in its broadest possible sense. We want to know about the manners, morals, and mores of an age, which usually manages after a decade to metamorphose suddenly into another age. We want to know, moreover, about an age's defining spirit—a spirit, it is assumed, that informed all its parts, making the age unique.

Searching for the spirit of an age has become a popular activity, one practiced by journalists, sociologists, and the intellectual maverick we call the cultural critic. Perhaps because it has attained such popularity, becoming the stock-in-trade of Sunday supplements and weekly magazines, cultural criticism often is regarded with suspicion by historians and literary critics, who dismiss such conjurings as slipshod historical exercises, lacking sound argument and solid historical knowledge, as gaudy feats rather than masterly performances. In short, the art of cultural criticism is a not quite respectable trade.

It was not always so. An offspring of the Romantic era, cultural criticism flourished during the nineteenth century, engaging some of the major minds of European intellectual history. Though its origins can be traced to the mid-eighteenth century, it did not come of age until the second decade of the nineteenth when, within a period of ten years, England and Germany saw the publication of Carlyle's essay, "Signs of the Times" (1829), Mill's essay and Hazlitt's book, both entitled *The Spirit of the Age* (1831 and 1824, respectively), and the notes from Hegel's lectures on the philosophy of history (1832). Mill himself called the "spirit of the age" a novel expression, adding that it was not "to be met with in any work exceeding fifty years in antiquity."

Cultural criticism came in two varieties. On the Continent it usually took the form of grandiose philosophical excursions into the past and the future; in England it was usually a more modest—and less philosophical—affair. From Hazlitt to Wilde, the English cultural critics were less interested in discovering the logic of the historical process than in divining the malaise of their age—a span of time that was altogether less capacious than the "stages" of their French, German, and Italian counterparts. The English

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essayists were, above all, moralists who sniffed the *Zeitgeist* and tried to come up with prescriptions for dispelling its ranker odors.

Though a successful and generally respected enterprise, cultural criticism was on many points vulnerable to attack. Based as it was on the notion that history consisted of vast stages, with one stage "organically" developing into another, the Continental variety was criticized in the nineteenth century by Mill himself. But it was not until the twentieth century that the notion of historical inevitability implied in such laws of development was subject to scathing criticism, especially by Karl Popper and Isaiah Berlin. These supposedly scientific laws were also tarnished by the miseries of twentieth-century history itself, for they became part of the official creed of one of the most tyrannous regimes in history. Believing in these laws, many Western intellectuals convinced themselves that the Soviet Union, despite its show trials and labor camps, was on the right historical track, having attained a higher stage of development than the capitalist West. Though many admitted that the Soviet Union was not a good place in which to live, they argued that at least it stood for the future. By the late fifties, however, the true nature of the Soviet Union had penetrated the minds of even its most benighted apologists, and for this and other reasons the Continental brand of cultural criticism has fallen upon hard times.

The English variety also came under attack, but for different reasons. With the coming of World War I, it seemed to many that history had, in a sense, exploded—leaving only fragments that lacked a larger meaning. For the major modernist writers the metaphor that best served to describe the movement of recent history was the one Henry Adams adapted from nineteenth-century physics: The modern world was suffering from entropic disorder. The nineteenth-century cultural critics were dismissed, therefore, as innocents who, whatever their reservations about their times, still spoke to a unified culture and still believed in the possibility of progress. As such, they had little or nothing to say to an age when things were falling apart. To the major modernist writers it made no sense to speculate about the spirit of the age—except, perhaps, in apocalyptic terms. The past, as the speaker in Eliot's "Gerontion" would have it, was a maze of "cunning passages" and "contrived corridors," whereas the present was whirling out of control.

There were exceptions—an Edmund Wilson and an important "school" that I shall come to—but in the academic world, where by the early fifties most literary critics had found a home, cultural criticism was considered unsound and the nineteenth-century essayists were consigned to minor-league status. In the fifties and the early sixties, the academic study of literature centered on isolated "creative" texts, which were dissected for their several kinds of irony and their seven types of ambiguity. For the millions of students who puzzled out the intricacies of Keats' odes, there were perhaps only a few thousand who looked at the speculations of a Hazlitt, an Arnold, a Ruskin. History sometimes intruded upon these elegant exercises in unravelling, but only as a sheepish guest—humbly apologetic for taking up anyone's time at the critical party.

The New York intellectuals were the one exception to this state of affairs—a loose group of writers and critics whose literary center in the late forties, fifties, and early sixties was the *Partisan Review*. Perhaps because they came to literature by way of socialist politics, perhaps because—living, for the most part, in New York—they breathed an air made intellectually richer by the presence of many distinguished German refugees (Hannah Arendt for one), these writers usually tried to wrestle with the spirit of the age, making connections between literature and the general culture, while never losing touch with history and politics.

Though they usually found their academic home in English departments, these writers were ill at ease in the chaste, ahistorical atmosphere of academic English studies. And though they were nourished on the great modernist writers, they were distinctly uncomfortable with both the modernists' politics and what might be called their aesthetic hauteur. According to Irving Howe, "literary modernism often had a way of cavalierly dismissing the world of daily existence, a world that remained intensely absorbing to the New York writers."

Continually pressing literature to see how it served as "criticism of life," the New York intellectuals at times left literature altogether, writing essays on both the Kinsey report and American intellectual history, on both the Cold War and the American labor movement. Though they understood that literature could not be reduced to intellectual history or simply be ransacked by someone looking for the spirit of the age, they were impatient with the notion that ideas in literature always deliquesced into textures of irony and ambiguity—that ideas, therefore, should be regarded as a thing apart from literature. In his essay, "The Meaning of a Literary Idea," Lionel Trilling argued that "we as readers know that we demand of our literature some of the virtues which define a successful work of systematic thought." In order to make such a statement, one would—presumably—have spent some time reading works of systematic thought; and it is clear from their essays that the New York intellectuals did just that, ranging between ideas in literaure and ideas in general, subtitling their books "Essays on Literature and Society," and "On Literature and Culture." In the scope of their interests, in their use of the essay form, and in their preoccupation with moral rather than aesthetic questions, the New York intellectuals were very much the descendants of the nineteenth-century cultural critics.

II

The dean of the New York intellectuals, Lionel Trilling seemed the most old-fashioned of them all, his prose style consciously modeled, it appeared, after Arnold's. But if his style struck some as mannered and anachronistic, the content of his essays revealed a mind wrestling with the spirit of the age. Though he founded no school and had no disciples, he was an influential figure, someone to whom such different writers as Irving Kristol and Irving Howe have paid homage. His influence, moreover, crossed generations. Morris Dickstein, a cultural critic in his mid-thirties, recently acknowledged Trilling's effect upon him, saying that "it was reading Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* at the end of my sophomore year of college that most crystallized my desire to become a critic and writer...." The remark comes from Dickstein's latest book, *Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties*, in which he tries to do exactly what he says Trilling did: "...restore to the literary mind some of the social and historical awareness it was rapidly losing." A noble goal, but one which Dickstein falls far short of attaining. The failure, though, is instructive, for it sheds light on the difficulties of cultural criticism in general and marks the distance cultural criticism has travelled from its nineteenth-century forebears.

Dickstein suffers from an affliction that is common among cultural critics: a tendency to swallow all too easily the notion that there is a reigning spirit to an age. On a boat made of "loosely Hegelian" principles, Dickstein sails unwarily into the seas of the fifties and the sixties, casting his nets wide, picking up whatever he notices. The tactic, according to Dickstein, is justifiable because "the culture of an age is a unified thing, whatever its different strands and apparent contradictions." Yet if all things are perforce part of an organic whole, then nothing can be marshalled to dis-

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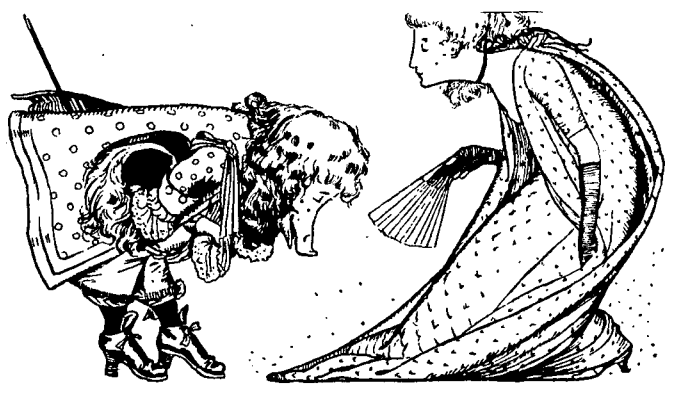
prove the notion of an age's uniformity. Dickstein's cultural boat stays afloat because it is held together by a watertight premise.

If spirit is one danger zone in the spirit of the age, then age is another, making the notion of a *Zeitgeist* a veritable mine-field of intellectual difficulties. Hegel assumed that we can only begin to understand an age when it is nearing its close. As he said in a famous sentence: "The owl of Minerva begins its flight at dusk." Writing in the early years of the nineteenth century, Hegel assumed that the age in which he lived was a twilight era, signifying the end of the Germanic-Christian "stage" of European history, which had lasted approximately 1,000 years. How useful, one wonders, is the notion of an age that spans such a vast period of time? Yet how useful, on the other hand, is the notion of an age that lasts exactly a decade? Dickstein's Minerva, it seems, is a distinctly modern creature, programmed to take off every ten years.

One does not expect Dickstein to resolve these temporal difficulties, but if he is going to work with principles that are loosely Hegelian, he should at least worry out loud about the difference between Hegel's notion of an age and his own. No such worrying occurs. Instead, Dickstein composes a glib Symphony of Two Decades, with four movements that succeed each other in smooth fashion: the wintry fifties, when a "cold war consensus" made most of us shiver in conformity; the mid-winter spring of the late fifties, which was "a fertile period, a seedbed of ideas...."; the spring of the Kennedy Era, when the innovative impulse "surged" in both fiction and politics; and, finally, "the darkening green" of the late sixties, a long hot summer of a bad war and bad rock music. These seasons are recollected in tranquility during the autumnal seventies, with Dickstein trying to weigh the gains against the losses, trying to see where we are—or, more accurately, where he is, since the closing chapter of the book is heavily autobiographical.



Played by the *Zeitgeist* Philharmonic, Dickstein's composition is carefully worked out. We learn, for example, that in the mid-sixties "Dylan went electric at almost the very moment that Lyndon Johnson began bombing North Vietnam and escalating the war in the south." (Thus the folk-rock of the early sixties gave way to the acid-rock of the late sixties.) But the orchestra that plays this piece is a small one, composed mainly of novelists, with a section of journalists, a trio of philosophical gurus (Norman O. Brown, Herbert Marcuse, and Paul Goodman), and a small group of rock musicians. Dickstein's is a mind nourished almost exclusively on literature, one that shows only the slightest awareness of seminal works in other fields, and yet he wants to be more than a literary critic, wants to seize the spirit of the age and squeeze it into an apprehensible ball. Because he wants to be a cultural critic Dickstein often does violence to literature, trying to make cultural capital out of literary forms. He tries, that is, "to develop analogies between social change and changes in the *forms* [emphasis Dickstein's] of the arts...." Political foment and formal literary change rarely go hand in hand, however, and one imagines that Borges and Nabokov—to name two of the most influential experimental writers of the late fifties and early sixties—would most certainly take exception to Dickstein's remark that experimental fiction was "subtly related to the new feelings of social malaise and reformist zeal...." One could argue, in fact, that those who are touched with "reformist zeal" are often suspicious of experimental literature. The leftish poets of the thirties—Auden, Spender, MacNeice—all retreated from the revolutionary poetics of Eliot and Pound, working instead in traditional forms: the ballad, the sonnet, and blank verse.

But Dickstein's failure to reconcile aesthetic currents with cultural upheavals is less important, finally, than his failure as a cultural critic. *Gates of Eden* is marred by the writer's complacency as well as his glibness, two characteristics that are readily apparent in the way Dickstein continually reaches for a *Time*-style phrase to summarize—or, rather, to dismiss—complex problems. Thus he casually damns some leading intellectual journals for being "instruments of the cold war," incoherently argues that the political psychodramas of the sixties "proved once again that the personal *is* political," and moralistically laments over what he calls "the soul-destroying madness of the Vietnam war...." What do these phrases that come tripping off his typewriter mean? Whose soul was destroyed? What does the word "madness" mean here? The agony of the Vietnam war raised—and still raises—hard questions which cannot be skirted by a bravura of despair.

Perhaps the most complacent thing in the book is Dickstein's attack on Lionel Trilling for betraying modernism and authenticity and rushing "to admire and defend bourgeois values...." Has it come to that, Dickstein implies, The Master himself defending bourgeois values? Dickstein's analysis is paltry, for the phrase "bourgeois values" teeters on the edge of non-meaning; it also smacks of disingenuousness, for as Trilling said, "it is characteristic of the intellectual life of our culture that it fosters a form of assent which does not involve actual credence...." Dickstein pretends to be dismayed, if not shocked, at Trilling's defense of bourgeois values; yet what else is Dickstein himself doing—the Dickstein who tells us in this book that he is a father, a teacher, a writer of books, a worker in the vineyards of literary and cultural criticism—but enacting some of the roles and work habits that we call, for lack of a better word, bourgeois? Like many who are comfortably ensconced in what Trilling called the "adversary culture," Dickstein is playing at being anti-bourgeois, one of the most commonplace and profitable games of our time.

To give Dickstein his due, he does admit that "part of me... remains a child of the fifties...." He is intelligent enough to realize that it would look foolish to embrace one age and reject another. Thus ambivalence prevails, but a peculiarly glib kind of ambivalence. Henry James once said that it was "a complex fate to be an American." He could not have known that complexity would come to mean that one's "personality" straddled two decades, that one was both a "liberated" sixties man and a "repressed" fifties man. Thus do the terms of cultural discourse progress.

With his banal antinomies and the easy way in which he pronounces upon the spirit of the fifties and the sixties, Dickstein is the kind of critic Trilling became most worried about during the last ten years of his life, a critic for whom the issues of politics are, more often than not, a mask for the issues of culture—a critic who is, it appears, ignorant of "the contemporary intellectual disciplines which address themselves to the affairs of daily life." The quotation is from Trilling's "Mind in the Modern World," an essay in which he regrets that contemporary cultural critics, unlike their nineteenth-century forebears, know next to nothing about the political or economic world. Though in *The Liberal Imagination*, written in the forties, Trilling celebrated literature as "the human activity that takes the fullest and most precise account of variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty," by the mid-sixties he came to realize that many persons in the literary world had a very attenuated sense of what went on in the world outside literature, a world they made sense of with a few formulaic phrases. Looking at Dickstein's book, in which a literary critic utters cliché after cliché when he ventures into the world of politics and culture, one finds oneself agreeing with Trilling that we "may one day have to question whether in our culture the study of literature is any longer a suitable means for developing and refining the intelligence."

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III

Summing up the case for the sixties, Dickstein says that the age taught us to be mentally on our guard, taught us to look behind, as it were, any arguments that are being advanced. "When the voice of reason speaks," he says, "we're inclined to ask what unconscious needs are at work. When we look at the social or economic structure, we want to know whose interests are being served." No doubt most arguments—especially those advanced with moral intensity—should be approached with a tolerable degree of skepticism, but the instant suspicion that Dickstein applauds—a suspicion that often is wedded to a vulgar Marxism or vulgar Freudianism—has a corrosive effect on all intelligent discourse.

When Marxian or Freudian unmaskers enter the scene, rational debate usually collapses. Calling attention to someone's unconscious needs or class interests—almost always, of course, with malign intent—shifts the discussion away from the topic at hand to the motives of those doing the talking. Motive-hunting is, for most people, a fascinating game, but it is also an unending one, for it is well-nigh impossible to discover the motives of particular persons. As La Rochefoucauld, a master dissector of man's motives, warned: "It is easier to know mankind in general than any particular man." Moreover, presuming to speak of someone else's motives leaves the person defenseless, the accuser implying that he knows more about what "really" motivates the accused than the accused does himself.

Dickstein notwithstanding, one hopes that most intellectuals—whatever infections they suffered from in the sixties—have been cured of such suspicions. One hopes that the species Burckhardt, in a prophetic phrase, called the terrible simplifiers, is vanishing. This species flourished during the fifties and sixties, serving up schematic, ahistorical game plans for solving personal or political problems, and including among its members Walt Rostow, the author of *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto*, and Charles Reich, the author of *The Greening of America*. Today many Americans are wary of those who prophesy greenings, whether economic or psychological; and many are also wary of those who have solutions for problems, having little faith in either the mathematical models designed by technocrats or the recipes for tranquility purveyed by gurus.

One hopes, then, that both the pseudo-scientific and the countercultural jargon of the sixties are on the wane. And one does detect a certain impatience, irritation, and boredom with the cant of Marxists or Freudians. Irving Howe, who continues to call himself a socialist, said recently that "'Vulgar Marxism,' with its quick reduction of ideas to ideology and its glib ascription of ideology to interest, has become the mental habit of lazy and half-educated people throughout the world." Nevertheless, one must admit that of laziness and half-education there seems to be no end, for in the academic world a vestigial Marxism still prevails, taking the form of an unexamined belief in the evil of private, profit-making ventures as well as a mystical faith in the goodness of all activities labelled public and non-profit—a faith that is puzzling, since academics regard bureaucrats, those souls entrusted with administering such public programs, with condescension and contempt.

If the notion of ideology continues to hold sway among many academics, Freudian explanations seem to have gone out of favor; they are employed only be psychohistorians, a small band of believers that is scorned by most members of the historical profession, though its works are often popular with the public. Not only are the words "unconscious" and "rationalization" rarely heard any more, but Freud himself is rarely enlisted to buttress someone's argument. From the perspective of the seventies, the work both of the neo-Freudians of the fifties and the radical Freudians of the sixties appears inadequate and naive. One hears very little talk about the neo-Freudian notion of adjustment, and one finds it hard to believe that the celebrated phrases of such radical Freudians as Marcuse and Brown—phrases like "one-dimensional man" and "polymorphously perverse"—evoked so much discussion.

Freud may have passed into history, transported by the owl of Minerva to his permanent resting place in the pantheon of critical thinkers. (One wishes the same thing would happen to Marx, and that to be called a Marxist or Freudian will be the same thing as being called a Thomist or Spinozan.) Yet the damage done by Freudian language still remains. Though "ego," "id," and "superego" no longer add luster to the vocabulary of the semi-educated, the insidious movement of certain terms from politics to psychoanalysis and back to politics is still going on. "Repressive," a word that had served as a description of a particular kind of act committed by those in authority—e.g. repressing (or quelling) a riot—has come to stand for the supposed mental condition of those who possess the authority to do so, even if they never exercise it. Cops, FBI agents, and the like are "repressed"; therefore they are partial to "repressive" measures. In the fifties liberals had a field day labelling everyone from center to right as suffering from such "authoritarian personalities," to use a phrase made popular by a famous sociological study. Rarely was the term used to describe those on the left who worshipped Lenin, Trotsky, Mao, Castro, etc. The notion of liberation also has been, so to speak, Freudianized, turning what previously had been a political demand—the extension of civil liberties to those who had never been allowed them—into a quasi-spiritual plea, one that cannot be accommodated by any political action. A similar workout could be done on the notion of oppression.

But we must have mixed feelings about Freud and Freudian languge, for it was Freud whom Lionel Trilling, the best cultural critic of the age, continually invoked in his battles with the reigning spirits of the fifties and sixties. In the fifties, when he was struggling with the problem of total cultural domination, Trilling argued that the work of Freud—like literature in general—served subversive purposes, enabling the self to resist the onslaughts of culture. "For literature, as for Freud," Trilling said, "the test of the culture is always the individual self, not the other way around." Fifteen years later, though, when Trilling saw that the posture of subversiveness had become an approved cultural mode with its own social and economic rewards, he still called upon Freud. But the master was no longer the apostle of subversiveness; he was now the preserver of the Western tradition—Old Testament prophet, Greek tragedian, and Roman Stoic all rolled into one, someone who respected "the essential immitigability of the human condition," someone whose patrician ethical posture "cannot fail to outrage the egalitarian hedonism which is the educated middle class' characteristic mode of moral judgment."

Rallying to defend Western culture when indignant epigones all around him were screeching for release, Trilling compels our respect though his language suffers from portentousness. Yet in summoning Freud as a witness for the prosecution, is not Trilling calling upon someone who in many ways abetted the crime? Though egalitarian hedonism was not, of course, what Freud had intended, his simplistic ways of categorizing human conduct encouraged others to think that solutions to perennial human problems were in the offing. Since Freud himself, after all, spent a good deal of time reducing all that's made to dark thoughts in a dark room (to appropriate some words of Andrew Marvell's), it is understandable that others might also think that they could dismiss aspects of Western culture, thereby freeing themselves from its burden. Recently Erich Heller, the distinguished literary critic, called Freud's "the most overrated works of the epoch." In doing so, Heller was not questioning Freud's importance; he was questioning Freud's encompassing, unfalsifiable *Weltanschauung*, especially Freud's "trust in the medically 'scientific' character of the discipline...." For all his wrestling with the spirit of the age, Trilling was enthralled to Freud—he lacked an intellectual scaffold that would have enabled him to stand outside the age, peering in.

If Trilling's work to some degree suffers from his reliance upon the age's dominant figure, what can we say of lesser figures, of the numerous simplifiers who unfailingly came up with formulas for packaging the fifties and the sixties? Cultural criticism, its detractors would say, is inevitably a half-baked activity, one that lacks the rigor of intellectual history or the density of social history. Addicted to arbitrary notions of an age's duration, cultural critics often have a weakness for flaccid generalities, especially when

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they come in the guise of antitheses. There is good reason to question a genre—if we can call it that—which, like sociology, is often weak as history, and, like the daily editorial, is often couched in the exhortative mode. There is good reason to question a genre that descends from "Signs of the Times," in which Carlyle rants against what he calls the "Mechanical Age" and complains that "wonder, indeed, is, on all hands, dying out...."

Though cultural criticism often suffers from such moralistic posturing, it is precisely the attention paid to questions of value that makes the cultural critic distinctive and, I would add, necessary—makes him different from the historian, who rightly sees such concerns as unprofessional. At his best the cultural critic raises questions rather than provides answers, questions that rarely are considered by writers nestled in particular disciplines. And these questions, moreover, are often unfashionable ones. When everyone was busy pointing his finger at the right, Orwell called attention to the equally smelly orthodoxy of the left; in an age drenched with art and filled with those praising its virtues, Trilling doubted the importance of art. In that sense, Samuel Johnson may be said to have been the first cultural critic, for when his Whig friends championed the cause of the colonists Johnson pointed out that these defenders of liberty did not seem particularly concerned about the liberty of their slaves. Johnson was a Tory, Orwell was a socialist: We value the best cultural critics less for their angle of attack than for their courage in attacking—the courage, that is, to do battle with the reigning spirits of the age. □

Robert Asahina

Inanities: The Plays of Tom Stoppard

Today's best English-language playwright really doesn't have much to say—for all the skill in saying it.

In a spasm of civic pride, a Washington drama critic recently commended the local theater-goers for exhibiting somewhat more refinement than their New York counterparts. What he took as a measure of his hometown's sophistication was the enthusiastic reception given Tom Stoppard's last three plays: *Jumpers*, which opened its American season at the Kennedy Center in 1974, and enjoyed a record engagement before moving to Broadway; *Travesties*, which played two lengthy runs in the nation's capital after premiering in New York in 1975; and *Dirty Linen/New-Found-Land*, which opened last fall at the West End Theatre in Washington, and then played to packed houses at the Kennedy Center before arriving on Broadway at the beginning of the year.

But before it is hastily inferred that Stoppard's Potomac triumphs provide further evidence that Washington is slowly supplanting New York as the cultural capital of the country, a few caveats are in order. To begin with, box-office success more often indicates a lack of sophistication than the reverse. In addition, the Kennedy Center productions of *Travesties* and *Dirty Linen/New-Found-Land* were underwritten by the National Endowment for the Humanities (as part of the Center's Bicentennial Humanities Program, no less!)—which suggests merely that the United States government has successfully institutionalized the entrepreneurial spirit of David Merrick. Small wonder that the plays it subsidizes are hits.

Moreover, if Washington is supplanting anything, it is not New York, but rather New Haven and Philadelphia, which have traditionally provided trial audiences for Broadway-bound shows. (In fact, the nationwide repertory theater movement, which has been stimulated by large grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, has degenerated in the last few years into a farm system for Broadway producers.) The old moguls of the Great White Way may be giving ground to the new Medicis on the Potomac, but hard cash and box-office draw are still the rules of the game.

Even more disquieting is the suggestion that appreciating Stoppard's plays testifies to an elevated sensibility. It is always tempting, of course, for both audiences and critics to inflate the worth of their own opinions, and this kind of self-serving judgment typically works to the advantage of playwrights with pretensions. But even the redoubtable John Leonard once proclaimed that "there isn't a better, funnier, more interesting English-language playwright loose in the world than Tom Stoppard." Why is this man laughing? What is it about Stoppard's plays that both attracts crowds and delights intellectuals?

Stoppard's oeuvre has been characterized as "music hall with brains." As far as *Dirty Linen/New-Found-Land* is concerned, there can be no doubt about the influence of the music hall. The play concerns a Select Committee of Parliament, assembled to report on moral standards in the House of Commons. Its investigation centers around the activities of a "mystery woman" who has been "going through the ranks like a lawnmower in knickers," compromising 119 Members—including five of the six on the Committee. As the comedy unfolds, the lady in question turns out to be none other than the Committee's clerk, the aptly and unsubtly named Maddie Gotobed.

The humor of the play, such as it is, consists largely in elaborating the metaphor of the title. Verbal and sight gags abound, never rising much above the most obvious sorts of slips, Freudian and otherwise. Maddie is eventually relieved of most of her clothing, which then tends to pop up in the most expectably unexpected places, giving rise to exchanges like the following:

"What is *that*?"
"Pair of briefs."
"What are they doing in there?"
"It's a brief case."

Since *Dirty Linen/New-Found-Land* premiered in Washington shortly after the Wayne Hays/Elizabeth Ray revelations, local theater-goers may be forgiven somewhat for their susceptibility to such highjinks. But that aspect of his latest success was strictly fortuitous, according to Stoppard: "I never set out to write a

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topical play—that would be madness. The Washington scandals happened after I wrote it. I was having deadline trouble writing a play for an American season—I couldn't work out anything with an American connection. So I decided to go ahead with *Dirty Linen*, even though it hadn't anything to do with America!"

Stoppard did manage to work out a kind of "American connection"—*New-Found-Land*, which is rather arbitrarily tacked on to *Dirty Linen*. When the Select Committee temporarily adjourns, their vacant meeting room is quickly taken over by two Home Office officials, who are deciding on an application of "an American with a beard" for British nationalization. (In a typical Stoppard in-joke, the American in question is his real-life friend Ed Berman, an émigré living in England, who originally commissioned *Dirty Linen*.) In the course of their deliberations, one of the Home Office officials delivers a hilarious 20-minute paean to America the beautiful, as seen from the windows of the Silver Chief, streaking across the country in a madcap and mythical journey, evoking images drawn equally from B-movies and dime novels. The dazzling command of the language evident in this and other soliloquies by Stoppard is the primary reason (and justifiably so) he is acclaimed as a brilliant playwright. But a way with words, though necessary, is not sufficient for the dramatist's art; in *Dirty Linen/New-Found-Land*, Stoppard really doesn't have much to say—for all the skill in saying it.

To be fair, Stoppard should not be judged on the basis of what even he dismisses as a "knickers farce." He has shown loftier concerns in previous plays, even though his strategy has been to use the vehicle of comedy: "I want to demonstrate that I can make serious points by flinging a custard pie around the stage for a couple of hours."* But even where he does juggle serious themes, as in *Travesties*, the result is ultimately frivolous.

From Richard Ellmann's biography of James Joyce, Stoppard learned that Joyce had been the business manager of The English Players in Zurich during World War I. When the company mounted a production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Joyce hired Henry Carr, a minor official in the British consulate, to play the role of Algernon. But after the performance, Joyce and Carr quarreled: Carr sued Joyce for either a share of the profits or reimbursement for the clothing he had purchased for the part; Joyce counter-sued for the price of five tickets given Carr to sell, and for slander. (Joyce eventually won his case for the money, but lost the slander suit.) Stoppard had also discovered that wartime Zurich was the home of Tristan Tzara, who was busily founding Dadaism, and Vladimir Lenin, who was busily writing *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, before his journey to the Finland station. Stoppard hit on the brilliant idea of picturing Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara through the eyes of Carr, a bit player in the drama of history, and juxtaposing politics and art, Marxism and Dadaism, stream-of-consciousness and dialectics—all in the spirit (and at times, very nearly the letter) of Wilde's satire on manners.

Unfortunately, *Travesties* is never anything more than a brilliant and ultimately unrealized idea. The play exhibits a complex surface structure of self-reference, cross-reference (one of the sets is a library!), and dizzying allusion and circumlocution, woven together in a tangled skein of farce. But there is nothing beneath this superficial manipulation of literary and political ideas. In fact, the play is fundamentally silly, milking its entertainment value from the period costumes, music, and dances. Most of the humor is as funny—and as lightweight—as the following exchange between Carr and his manservant:

> "There is a revolution in Russia, sir."
> "Really? What sort of revolution?"
> "A social revolution, sir."
> "A social revolution? Unaccompanied women smoking at the Opera, that sort of thing?"

When the curtain rises for the second act, everything that Stoppard managed to keep aloft during the first act comes crashing to the ground. As if embarrassed by his own superficiality and apprehensive that his audience has not kept pace with his juggling, Stoppard slows the play to a crawl. The second act begins with a lengthy and pedantic speech expounding the history of the Russian revolution, the intellectual biography of Lenin, and the theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Eventually we learn that Carr's memories of the War years in Zurich have been distorted by the passage of time—but by then we no longer care. Before the play finally winds down, Stoppard has become as boring as Carr.

This kind of uncertain mix of seriousness and comedy is the primary flaw in *Jumpers* as well. The play begins with a group of tumblers performing a series of spectacular acrobatic feats, and a voluptuous stripper swinging through the air on an "iron-jaw" rig and disrobing on each successive pass across the stage. Suddenly a shot rings out, and one of the tumblers falls to the ground, and we are plunged into a convoluted mystery that rather improbably manages to involve Zeno's paradox of motion, illusion/reality posers, and a few other chestnuts from college textbooks.

For it happens that those acrobats were actually academic philosophers—Radical Liberal Jumpers, no less, for whom "no problem is insoluble given a big enough plastic bag." Their gymnastic feats are meant to represent the scholastic stunts of postwar English philosophers—hence the unsurprising metaphor of the title. The ecdysiast turns out to be the secretary of another philosopher, the "other" George Moore, who is preparing a lecture on morality ("Man—good, bad, or indifferent?") at the same time that his personal life is cracking under a variety of pressures—not least of which is the murder of one of his professional antagonists.

But this murder mystery never quite succeeds in elevating itself to the level of a metaphysical mystery, to which it aspires. *Jumpers* soon degenerates into a bedroom farce, complete with split-second timing in entrances and exits, wildly swinging doors, and even flashes of nudity; for all his penchant for manipulating ideas, Stoppard is quick to summon up his music-hall heritage.

In fact, it is the very poverty of his intellectual dexterity that forces him to fall back on empty displays of low humor. This is most apparent in the play that established his reputation as a

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* Although the music hall is clearly responsible for that custard pie, Stoppard professes a debt of sorts to the tradition of social realism that erupted in postwar England: "From about 1956 and Osborne's 'Look Back in Anger,' it's true to say that most people my age who wanted to write, tended to want to write plays. It was mostly vanity, I suppose, because a lot of attention came to people who wrote plays."

Stoppard is, of course, being coy about his motives for writing; his debt to Osborne and the other Angry Young Men has less to do with vanity than with a historical irony of English culture. The literary generation that came of age in the 1950s was rebelling against the dandies and aesthetes—the *Sonnenkinder*, as Martin Green characterizes them—who had dominated English letters during the previous 25 years. Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (1956) was a passionate brief on behalf of the decency of the common man and the values of social realism; Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* (1953) was an equally spirited satire of the decadent older generation.

But by the 1960s, when Stoppard first began writing, postwar social realism had begun to sour in England: Osborne had become, in Green's words, "the Noel Coward of his generation"; in an equally startling turnabout, Amis had grown into a Tory and a snob, even going so far as to write a book on drink. Stoppard was the heir to this perverse literary counterrevolution: His first play, *A Walk on the Water* (eventually produced in America as *Enter a Free Man*) was seemingly about the failed dreams of a working-class Briton—a proper concern for a social realist—but was actually little more than an amusing whimsy. By choosing laughter over protest, by becoming a farceur instead of an Angry Young Man, Stoppard assumed the role of a dandy without ever really having been a Decent Man—a rather endearing kind of precocity, as it were. It should therefore come as no surprise that Stoppard returned to World War I—the birthdate of the *Sonnenkinder*—and to Oscar Wilde for the inspiration for his appropriately titled *Travesties*.

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"serious" playwright, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, which opened in America in 1967. Like *Travesties* and *Jumpers*, it began with essentially one clever idea: Stoppard had the inspiration of writing about the extradramatic life of the two characters from *Hamlet* as a kind of "footnote to literary history."

A clever idea, to be sure—although not even original. As Stanley Kauffmann has noted, W.S. Gilbert wrote a play about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in 1891. What impressed viewers of Stoppard's version, however, was its "existential" quality: Critics did not hesitate to compare his play favorably with the works of Samuel Beckett. Yet *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* abounds with gags that are much closer to the spirit of Neil Simon than Beckett. "Eternity is a terrible thought," Rosencrantz muses, "I mean, where's it going to end?" And for all its cleverness, the play was almost totally derivative; as Robert Brustein put it, "Shakespeare provides the characters, Pirandello the technique, and Beckett the tone."

Eventually, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* lapses into what has since become a familiar pattern. Stoppard always seems to lose his nerve rather quickly; in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* he relies on a kind of undergraduate wit to keep the audience awake. Thus Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are forever competing with each other in elaborate rituals of one-upmanship (a word game, a coin game); the net effect is to water down all that "existential" concern into a rather toothless whimsy. Instead of Beckett, Ionesco is probably the proper name to invoke. Through ignorance or cowardice, Stoppard continually raises serious themes that he then manages to duck by fishing for easy laughs.

And most of the laughs come so easily that it makes one wonder if Stoppard really is clever, or merely facile. For there are some fairly standard comedic devices that he repeatedly employs: mistaken identities (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are periodically taken to be the other; Henry Carr is at one point disguised as Tristan Tzara, who for Stoppard's purposes is himself masquerading as his own imaginary brother); puns, misnomers, and malapropisms, typically delivered at breathtaking speed (Joyce is referred to in his absence as Deidre, or Bridget; Tzara tells Joyce, apropos *Ulysses*, "For your masterpiece I have great expectorations"). Stoppard also never hesitates to indulge the impulse to twit the upper classes: A familiar character in his work is the manservant who has only the most thinly disguised disdain for the alleged "betters" whom he serves (a part played by Arthur Treacher in countless movies). In *Travesties*, there is Bennett, who patiently explains Marxist theory to Carr; in *Jumpers*, Crouch, who dabbles in moral philosophy.

Stoppard's favorite stock figure is the wise fool, whom he characteristically and unfortunately burdens with his own serious intentions. In *Dirty Linen* it is Maddie (perfectly embodied in both the Washington and New York productions by Cecilia Hart as an irresistible combination of wide-eyed innocence and pert sexuality), who literally seduces the Select Committee into issuing the following pious proclamation:

> It is the just and proper expectation of every Member of Parliament, no less than for every citizen of this country, that what they choose to do in their own time, and with whom, is...between them and their conscience, provided they do not transgress the rights of others or the law of the land; and that this principle is not to be sacrificed to that Fleet Street stalking-horse masquerading as a sacred cow labelled "The People's Right to Know."

Even with such easy targets as hypocrisy and the press, the best that Stoppard can offer is a kind of infantile libertarianism.

In *Travesties*, the idiot savant is the aged Carr (splendidly played in Washington and New York by John Wood, who was rightly awarded a Tony award for his performance), who dodderingly announces:

> I learned three things in Zurich during the war. I wrote them down. Firstly, you're either a revolutionary or you're not, and if you're not you might as well be an artist as anything else. Secondly, if you can't be an artist, you might as well be a revolutionary....I forget the third thing.

So much for the complex relationship of art and politics in an age of revolution.

Finally, in *Jumpers* it is the "other" George Moore, whose lecture in moral philosophy leads to the following:

> Do not despair—many are happy much of time; more eat than starve, more are healthy than sick, more curable than dying; not so many dying as dead; and one of the thieves was saved...half the world is at peace with itself, and so is the other half...

Since Moore and the Jumpers are the kind of bumbling pedants found in almost every academic novel (see *Lucky Jim*, for example), it might be supposed that Stoppard means to lampoon all that simple-minded drivel. But those laughably noble expressions of mealy-mouthed humanism actually provide the rather shaky ground from which he launches all his intellectual gynmastics.

For Stoppard, lacking even the socialist fervor that animated his literary predecessors, really has nothing else to give substance to his satires besides a glibness that masquerades as profundity. Like Sir Archibald Jumper, who "very soon learned to jump a great deal better than he ever thought, and was rewarded with the Chair of Logic," Stoppard is a "first-rate gymnast, though an indifferent philosopher." Having abandoned social realism and its middlebrow pathos, Stoppard quickly established a reputation as a writer of "serious" comedies precisely because of his calculated dexterity with abstract ideas—which, for the most part, were conspicuously absent from the early works of the Angry Young Men.

Since he has, as well, a genuine flair for theatricality (the opening ten minutes or so of *Travesties*, for example, are a truly dazzling exhibition), Stoppard can pass off his rather top-heavy dramas as entertainments, offering the masses existentialism, Marxism, and moral philosophy in convenient capsule form. In this, he is considerably abetted by some talented actors—Hart, Wood, Michael Hordern, and Diana Rigg, among others—whose masterful interpretations lend an undeserved credence to his works.

And all those lovely Old Vic accents go a long way in impressing American audiences, despite Stoppard's own admission that "it doesn't interest me in any way to create characters," since he prefers instead "to try to reduce weighty preoccupations about the way the world is going to an extended exchange of epigrams with a first-act curtain." This penchant for manipulating abstractions instead of developing characters may mean that theater-goers never have any significant emotional involvement with any of Stoppard's plays—but so much the better for legitimizing by contrast his intellectual pretensions, since audiences can congratulate themselves on their sophistication.

No matter that their response is as shallow as his plays. For Stoppard probably *is* the funniest contemporary English-language playwright—though he really is no more amusing than, say, the *Beyond the Fringe* gang, who cheerfully lacked his claims to seriousness. But if Stoppard is the best and most interesting English-language dramatist at work today, that is less a tribute to his art than a comment on the sorry state of the theater. □

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Special Book Review / Michael Novak

Marxist-Christian Monologue

A special book review of On Synthesizing Marxism and Christianity *by Dale Vree (John Wiley, $14.95).*

Next to race, Communism has long been the greatest source of dishonesty in American life. The history of twentieth-century intellectual life in America, Robert Warshow once wrote, pivots upon one issue: how to judge the reality of Communism. When the purges of the thirties, and then the Nazi-Soviet pact, demonstrated conclusively that the intellectuals who saw in Communism the end of alienation were mistaken, many could not admit the depth—and the horror—of their misjudgment. Their intentions had been so pure. They had meant so well. It is exceedingly difficult for an intellectual (Lillian Hellman, for example) to admit to a seriously flawed judgment. Judgment is the intellectual's chief claim to superior moral worth. Could the lowliest Irish pol in the lowliest Holy Name Society have been more correct than many intellectuals about the fundamental intellectual issue of their time? (Superior, too, in common kindness, as were the Irish servants who cared for Miss Hellman?) One would rather invest enormous energies in putting down common Americans for their political naiveté. The paranoid style of American intellectuals has not made honesty easy.

Throughout the 1950s, many liberal intellectuals, even some who were anti-Stalinists and plainly democratic, continued to argue as if Communism were an errant progressive movement, only much more extremist and fanatical than is called for—a movement basically in harmony with the liberal and humanistic instincts of the West, along a continuum from liberals (center) to socialists (left) to Communists (extreme left). Their implicit image was that Communists were more ruthlessly radical than socialists or liberals; severe logic was in the Communists' favor. But logic had to be tempered by sentiments of compassion, sensitivity, and morality. So some liberals would never, even in principle, go nearly so far as the extremists, even though they shared with them a similar leftward dream. And some liberals would regard as an attack upon themselves any attack upon Communists, not just because a violation of civil rights in any part is an attack upon the whole, but also because they could so well "understand" (since they shared them) the motivations and the dreams of the Communists, without being able to stomach the rigorous logic or the "direct methods" of the Party. Many were prevented by their liberal hearts from embracing the icy pragmatism of terror. They nourished Communist dreams and liberal scruples. They had bad consciences on both counts.

There is a complicating facet to American reality not often brought to the surface. The nation is so publicly pragmatic in its discourse, on the one hand, and so intensely pluralistic, on the other, that individuals seldom voice in public the true private springs of their own moral passions. The public language, therefore, is far more secular in tone than private realities. Public discourse, especially among the enlightened, is often a kind of lie. Few, for example, are as secular as public pressure inclines them to present themselves. Many are far more deeply religious, and with some precision of detail, than they allow to show in public. For fear of being "misunderstood," many do not state their whole case. The consequence is that the secular mode of discourse is canonized in public, and disguises in its ample folds nests of falsehoods.

One such falsehood is that the religious impulse in the human mind may simply wither, atrophy, and disappear. It does not. The quotient of religious energy in the human breast remains relatively constant. At times, it is displaced. But then most non-religious people develop symptoms. They break out in rashes of transcendence. They are driven, despite themselves, to invest the arts, or enlightenment, or intellectual status, or politics, or sex, with errant religious passion. The more religion is driven out, the more energy available for (say) socialism.

One cannot understand socialism in America—constituted by all two thousand members of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, led by Irving Howe and Michael Harrington—without grasping its religious energy. It offers vision. It offers a moral dream. It offers transformation into a new society, the new human type, the new socialist men and women. It gives history meaning and direction. It assigns roles in the cosmology of evil to capitalism, corporations, profits, and property. It offers everything that Christianity or Judaism does, although in secular style (like Nuns without habits, priests in sport shirts). It does so not through metaphorical parallels but through feeding the deep impulse in human nature to believe in some cosmic movement larger than the self. Socialism is a name for historical direction and personal moral desire and communal transformation. Is there not room, then, for "dialogue" between socialism and Christianity, or indeed between the more extreme cousin of socialism, Communism, and Christianity?

Dale Vree is the first Christian thinker to pull himself back from this recent drift of events, this rolling wall of mud pushing before it everything in the ravine. Perhaps he felt the mud pressing on his lungs, he was gasping for breath—particularly after personal experiences in East Germany—but, in any case, he grasped for a limb, took hold of it, and slowly pulled himself free, the wet viscous stuff slipping slowly from him, dripping away. The limb he took hold of was everyman's form of analytic philosophy, not in an especially erudite form, but in the simple form of conceptual analysis. He asked himself some breathtakingly clear questions: What are the conceptual commitments of Marxism and of Christianity, and in what respects are they compatible or incompatible? Can anyone of sound mind believe in both?

There were serious problems of method to be faced next. But Vree took them up in a reasonably felicitous manner. The "Christian-Marxist dialogue" is fifteen years old now; it has a history, and several paradigmatic figures. Why not take up their

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work and map its logic? Among the Christians, Vree chose Harvey Cox, and among the Marxists, Roger Garaudy and Ernst Bloch. He makes auxiliary remarks about other figures, like Leslie Dewart, but basically his focus is clean and simple.

Next, Vree works out three touchstones of what should count as orthodox Christianity, based upon what has been taught and believed down the ages, and three touchstones of what should count as orthodox Marxism, based upon publicly enforced commitments of Marxist theory and practice. (He is somewhat aided in this task by the recent public ejection from the Party of those Marxists who took part in the dialogue; but this social reality only confirms, without being the basis of, his analysis of the inherent conceptual logic.) In a non-Marxist way, Vree gives *ideas* primacy, rather than "underlying" political-economic realities. (The Soviets, who claim that ideas are secondary, in practice fear nothing so much as dissent and intellectual freedom. In Anglo-Saxon culture, supposedly committed to the primacy of ideas, the conviction that traditions, institutions, and the concrete imperatives of organic history safely contain ideas permits ample intellectual liberty.)

Long contemplating this review, I envisaged a schematic summary of Vree's argument. I have decided against it. Vree's treatment is itself brief and to the point. There are six variables, three each for Marxism and for Christianity, and three central authors. To summarize this network of relationships would weaken its conceptual force and detract, essentially, from Vree's handiwork. Permit me, instead, to work around the edges, and to harvest some of the nicer conclusions his efforts lead to. His arguments are not exegetical; they are not the work of a .22 at close range. They are, rather, at the distance of howitzers—he concentrates, as it were, on the shape of the landscape, the movement of the tanks (specks there ahead on the dust), and not upon the buttons on the uniforms of a particular enemy, the way that enemy combs his hair, his mannerisms, his ties. This is not a spy novel, but a wide-open battle. And it is the Christians who are beseiged and encircled.

On any given point, Vree notes, it is the Christians who desire to yield, and to show that Christianity can be adapted to Marxism. They demand that Marxism abandon its excesses, but not that it cease being Marxism. If one can tell by the form of the argument which party considers its case the weaker, Vree illustrated fairly clearly that the failure of nerve quivers in the hearts of the Christians. The Marxists, from a position of strength, observe certain admirable elements in Christianity which might enhance the future glory of Marxism.

The religious passion of the present age, Vree allows us to see, is more powerfully expressed by socialism than by Christianity. We have been taught to desire an earthly Messiah. We want the new men, and the new women, and the end of alienation now. Here. Christianity offers no such meaning within history. Socialism does. That makes socialism seem more authentic. It better "fits" our state of soul. These are not good times for Christianity. The cultural soil is not fertile.

Vree's book, it should be said, is important, not because it completes the task but because it defines it, focuses it, and commences it. The book was for him, he confesses, a kind of personal exorcism, the conclusion to an internal wrestling match in which he (and his wife) had been gripped for many years. For others, the details might have been handled differently, even the whole conceptual scheme might have had a different shape. Particular arguments might have been fought out in more detail. For those who disagree with the book's analyses and conclusions, there are ample openings for rebuttal. But not, I think, about the central point. Those who took part in the Christian-Marxist dialogue exhibited an excess of optimism, of openness, and of the dialogic frame of mind. They surrendered to a sentimental liberal myth of "understanding." To treat with each civilly, to address each other in conversation, was—as Vree notes—neither morally nor intellectually wrong. But not to confront direct incompatibilities; not to entertain the hard notion that human beings can be in utterly fundamental (and even, at the ultimate, death-dealing) disagreement, was to be naive about human reality, and to place far too much trust in reason and love. An intelligent reaction to Cold War rigidities is not to go limp like applesauce; it is, rather, to look for the exact points of divergence. One may recognize in advance that so much bloodshed, past and yet to come, indicates unmistakably hard and edgy conflicts. No merely sunny contemporary good will is apt to melt the human heart; not even the Light of the world was permitted to do so. Trust in reason and love is no part of Christian faith.

I wish, indeed, that Vree had taken up two other tasks, which he did not. First, I wish he had confronted Marxism on the practical plane. It is a self-described system of praxis. Well, then, does it work? How, precisely, is Soviet imperialism different in practice from the empire of the Czars? And is not socialism, too, inherently authoritarian in practice? Is not "democratic socialism" a faintly bogus term, at least as much as is "democratic capitalism," a partial contradiction in terms, a euphemism? For "the people" are not monolithic, but pluralistic. Conflict, pressure groups, and divided interests must compete; the process cannot be "planned." The more a democracy becomes socialist, the more—necessarily—it becomes authoritarian and bureaucratic. The myth that the state is, or can ever be, the servant and instrument of "the people" flies in the face of human psychology and experience. What the state bites off it swallows.

Indeed on the level of praxis, profound contradictions emerge in Communist and in socialist thought. One by one, the classic pillars of that thought have been discarded. The following, I believe, have been renounced in recent years: (1) submission of national foreign policy to the judgment of the International, i.e., to the Party in the Soviet Praesidium; (2) submission of national domestic planning to the national Party; (3) the nationalization of industry; (4) the expropriation of all property by the state; (5) the necessity of total "socialist planning"; (6) the imposition of rigid egalitarianism, such that each person is paid only in proportion to need or in proportion to public service, and in strict equality to everyone else. Indeed, current democratic socialist theorizing has taken refuge in the mists of "economic democracy." Is "democracy at the work place" a practical device for increasing productivity and blissful lack of alienation? Strictly as a praxis, what is one who is a Marxist or a socialist committed to? And does it work? Or will it, too, go the way of the rest of the creed?

Marxism is useful as a point of view; it highlights certain methods for interpreting the relation of economic life to political life. It works best as a parasitic vision, piggybacking on and modifying democratic capitalism. But as an independent human vision—as a theoretical construct—and as a praxis, it seems to be a crashing failure. Who today studies Marxist texts in order to learn how to live well? Not even Communists invest in their own texts the hope of their own future. The Soviet empire is riven with dissent and a most severe crisis of legitimacy. Marxist ideology is wrong not only as praxis, perhaps, but also as theory. The authoritarian practices it regularly becomes ensnared in are inherent in its many mistakes—mistakes about the nature of social life, the texture of political life, and the creative forces of economic life.

Secondly, I wish Vree had treated more extensively of "liberation theology" in Latin America, for it is in Latin America that the "Marxist-Christian dialogue" is presently having its strongest, most naive, and least critical vogue. Latin American theologians are writing about Marxism as though it had no history worthy of their sober contemplation. So hostile are they to "Anglo" culture, and so foreign do they find its concepts and its ways, that they systematically misperceive its nature. Let them choose as they will

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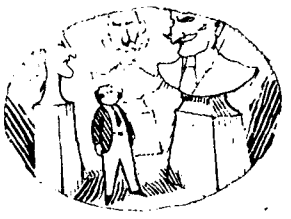
choose; their destiny is theirs. But many of the same readers who once applauded the "Marxist-Christian dialogue" exemplified in Cox, Garaudy, and Bloch are now devotees of Segondo, Gutierrez, and others. Here, too, good will and "openness" exceed respect for harsh historical closures. Softness triumphs. That invitations to tyranny should parade under the flag of "liberation," however, is an irony too heavy to bear.

Vree, in a word, has fired only an opening shot in what is shaping up as the great intellectual struggle of the decade of the '80s (which will include 1984). We may hope that he prompts each reader to think, and then another, and another, until good people stand fast together and launch a counterattack that will carry us beyond the present inadequacies of democratic capitalism and the present inadequacies of democratic socialism, to a vision more worthy of free and creative peoples. Each single voice counts. We owe Vree gratitude for his. □

EMINENTOES
by
Roger Kaplan



François Mitterrand: The Glamor of Tedium

May 12, 1977

The campaigns for the more than 38,000 municipalities of France are finished and the candidates of the Union de la Gauche (the Socialist-Communist alliance) have won a resounding victory, gaining control of some two-thirds of the cities of over 30,000 inhabitants. Now the campaign for France is beginning. Some time within the next year the French will choose a new legislature, and according to the weekly *L'Express*, if the pattern that revealed itself locally translates nationally, the present governing majority will shrink to 219 seats, while the combined leftists will get 271. In the meantime, the anti-Communists are squabbling. While President Giscard d'Estaing tries to conciliate the social-democratic left, Jacques Chirac, leader of the Rassemblement pour la République (Gaullist Party) and newly elected mayor of Paris—he defeated the President's hand-picked candidate in the first round of voting—is sounding the old alarum, "To arms, citizens!" and warning his countrymen of the collectivist menace. His posters boldly depict the Gaullist Cross of Lorraine emblazoned upon the revolutionary bonnet of 1789.

Against this appeal to France's national traditions, the left is countering with its own, and for a year the walls will be plastered with the clenched fist grasping a red rose. Strangling might be a better way to put it, but the Socialists, who won about 30 percent of the votes (the Communists received just under 20 percent and the small parties affiliated with the Union about 4 percent), want very badly to appear stylish and contemporary and attuned with reality. The principal campaign poster of their leader, First Secretary of the party, François Mitterrand, shows him serenely walking along a beach in a raincoat, under a legend: "Socialism, an idea making its way." Mitterrand has been making his way, true enough, he may yet be president of France and has an excellent crack at the premiership, and he and his ideas have all the relevance and excitement of a wet sock.

II

Actually, the campaign for France has been going on for such a long time that one may wonder what the French would be like without it. Right, left: they cannot live, evidently, without the archaic symbolisms expressed by these political terms which have their origins in the National Assembly of the revolutionary period. The average Frenchman has an astounding ineptitude when it comes to defining what he wants in matters of public policy, mostly because he spends so much of his time grumbling about the way things are—as well he might: The only thing he knows for sure is that the top-heavy, excessively centralized, meanly bureaucratic government is constantly stepping on his toes and every janitor in the post office thinks of himself as some kind of Napoleon. So instead of policies the French present their colors, and there is almost nothing they enjoy telling you more than whether they are men of the right, or men of the left.

François Mitterrand, born in 1916, loves to tell it as much as anyone and repeats it endlessly; he is profoundly and sincerely a man of the left. Precocious youth from a solid, bourgeois, and Catholic family, he played an active and courageous role in the Resistance, studied law, entered politics, and became the youngest minister in the musical-chairs governments of the sad Fourth Republic. He was a member of an independent left-of-center group and did not by any means always go along with the old socialists of the SFIO; he was committed to decolonization, for example, before they were. In 1965 their southern chieftain, Gaston Defferre, stumbled on his way to challenging Charles de Gaulle in the presidential election. Somewhat quixotically, since he had no large political organization, Mitterrand stepped in and to everyone's astonishment forced de Gaulle into a runoff, finishing with some 45 percent of the votes.

This success, together with his position as a vociferous anti-Gaullist since the beginning of the Fifth Republic, won him the respect of liberal anti-Gaullists like Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Jean-François Revel. There was obviously hope that he would work to build a responsible left opposition, something the much admired Pierre Mendès-France had never quite pulled off for the simple reason that he always seemed to prefer being a minor-

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ity of one. Mitterrand had other plans. He would not merely oppose, he would raise high the banner of the socialist millennium and incarnate in his successive candidacies the emotionally powerful, irrelevant, tried and failed goals of the classic left.

Mitterrand's strategy was to build a left block so strong that the Communist Party could not fail to be tempted by the chance to form a potentially winning coalition with it. In turn, this required convincing his own followers that the Communists could be trustworthy allies. Why did he need the Communists? Since the end of World War II, up to 20 percent of the French electorate has given its votes with dismal regularity to one of the most reactionary, shameless, discredited, and autocratic organizations in the Western world, the French Communist Party. Sycophants of the Kremlin, apologists for Stalin, expert Big Liars, doctrinaire and boundlessly patient, the French Communists kept their grip on a very large block of the industrial working class because no other party came forward to fight consistently for its bread-and-butter interests during the period of reconstruction following the war, a period unfortunately dragged out by the painful and costly travails of decolonization in Indochina and Algeria.

The advantages of Mitterrand's strategy were very appealing: The Communists' safe votes, the tremendous appeal of the old dogmas of the left, and his own reputation as a brilliant, democratic intellectual untainted by the backroom hanky-panky of the old SFIO added up to a powerful political sum. After several years of trial and error it began to pay off: A new Socialist Party, with Mitterrand as First Secretary, took the place of the SFIO in 1971, on the basis of two glorious nineteenth century slogans: for a complete break with capitalist society and for the expropriation by the state of all means of production, exchange, and culture. And in the summer of 1972, the Communists and the Socialists formed the Union of the Left, promulgating a document known as the Common Program. On the basis of this union, Mitterrand won 49.5 percent of the votes in the presidential elections of 1974.

III

The Common Program was too much for the liberals who had already begun taking their distance from Mitterrand. Servan-Schreiber wrote in the spring of 1974, when Mitterrand and Giscard d'Estaing were competing for the Presidency, that having some Communists in a French government might be tolerable if it were not for their irresponsible economic platform.

For Mitterrand's conversion to doctrinaire socialism had been swift and thorough. His economic ideas, never very sophisticated, became demagogic slogans. The Common Program, which he defends more strenuously the closer he comes to victory, calls for systematic nationalization of industrial and financial institutions, and demands massive state intervention in every sector of the economy. In Mitterrand's speeches the multinational corporations are invested with an evil genius which they use to enslave workers the world over. His favorite term for capitalism is simply: "the monopolies." He is not afraid of speaking for his side in the language of religious enthusiasm: "Europe will be socialist or it will be nothing." When asked what he understands by socialism he answers: "justice."

When a clamor like this is raised, how far can the intelligent and reasoned tones of a social-democrat like Revel carry? For Revel is alone against the ghosts of the *gauche*, and what can he, who shared Mitterrand's dreams of social justice, reply to their fables? He can only remark sadly (*L'Express*, 21 March 1977): "What deserves criticism is not what left-wing voters want but what the high commands of the left are preparing to offer them *instead* of

what they want....(T)he Common Program is a summary of all the recipes which have led socialism everywhere in the past to failure. It is the fruit not of an original and contemporary interpretation of our societies, but of the ideological alignment of the Socialists with the Communists and with the most worn-out clichés of the Marxist catechism."

As Revel points out, it is useless to argue with them. Mitterrand is now surrounded by people who take it for granted that only the CIA has prevented the teeming masses of the world from embracing their uplifting prescriptions, cooked up around 1880, for the final improvement of mankind. They are the types who have never doubted that the U.S. government is controlled lock, stock, and barrel by evil, scheming, bloodless monsters who live on Wall Street. Actually, their concept of modern capitalism, let alone of American financial institutions, is about as up-to-date as a dead armadillo in the icebox. And now they are riding high, burning with their sense of a mission which has been repressed for a hundred years and more. How can they be expected to worry about the momentary discomforts which their policies will inflict? They despise their countrymen's pusillanimity, their avarice, their bourgeois instincts. They are French Marxists—a particularly vicious, sanctimonious, self-righteous, and fanatical lot. Alas, they have too much history: all those risings, all those heroes, all those failures. Beware of a nation that takes its history dramatically, instead of studying it.

It is not just history that they take too seriously, it is themselves. Revel does not exaggerate when he calls the far-left intellectuals of the Socialist Party the Communists' Trojan Horse. He not only means that they are arguing the Communist line in their party's councils when they take intransigent stands for rapid nationalization, reductions in the defense budget, and the like; but also that they fail to recognize the limits to the amount of reform a society can take all at once, and that their stubborn, moralistic, old-fashioned socialist purism will very probably precipitate a crisis—a crisis which the well-disciplined, ruthless, unscrupulous Communists will be in a far better position than they to exploit when the whole *pot-au-feu* starts its way down the skids. Is it really just an unwillingness to look reality in the face and learn from it, when books have it down so much more neatly? Is it the narcissistic obtuseness of intellectuals? Yet we have a lot of intellectuals too. France is a highly centralized country, with a formidable state apparatus. The intellectuals—both right and left—usually come from backgrounds where the power of the state is taken for granted. Their educations took place in the prestigious state schools; in all probability their first jobs were as high civil servants. In short, they have no practical experience of the tremendous value of the separation of powers, particularly of the separation of political and economic power. This is why they have so much difficulty understanding American government, which they assume too often to be identical with U.S. business interests, themselves assumed to be monolithic.

IV

"To arms, citizens!" cries Jacques Chirac, "In the defense of liberty!" Although he is a mighty, bombastic, colorful, extremely energetic campaigner, this is not entirely hyperbole. The bourgeoisie —the French have given us that word, too —has a real and quite reasonable fear of an ossified French left, for all its pious declarations of intent regarding basic freedoms. Despite, or perhaps because of, all the red tape they put up with, their unitary educational system, and their rigid administration, the French are a very individualistic people. Conformist in manners and fashion, they cherish their few opportunities to do what they want the way they want to. The inevitable confiscatory effects of the Common Program are not the least bit reassuring to a people that in many ways is quite miserly.

Giscard d'Estaing, while without much doubt a statesman in the grand French

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tradition of opportunism and pretentiousness, has been trying to introduce some fresh air into French society, and it has been his bad luck to want to improve his compatriots' standard of living during a period of oil crisis and high inflation. Definitely a man of centrist, gradualist instincts, he wants to build a social democracy while loosening some of the state's centralizing powers (if this is possible). He needs, therefore, political support from the left-of-center, and is trying to break the rigidity of the left and right. Meanwhile, Chirac, whether because he senses that this is politically hopeless or undesirable, or because he has fewer anxieties about the need for reforms, is for taking the left head-on with the argument that social legislation in a period of economic difficulty is unrealistic (even if this means losing left-of-center votes). For calling for prudence in austere times, for warning of the stick-in-the-muddish redistributionist follies of the opposition, Chirac has been called a fascist. Even in its insults, especially in its insults, the French left sticks to its dear old symbols. But the charge is serious; for either Chirac really is a fascist, willing to overthrow the Republic to block his enemies, or he is merely a "fascist," anything the left is prejudiced against. Dehumanization of the opponent and corruption of the language travel together, as always. The plain fact is that the leaders of the French left need to believe there are fascists abroad in order to justify to themselves and to the electorate the measures they will take to ensure that the right does not get a chance to turn the clock back.

"There is a high wind over the country," announced Mitterrand when the results of the municipal elections came in. There is indeed, and he and Comrade Georges Marchais of the Communist Party are well placed to smell what it carries. It is nothing but the rancid odor of the cacklings of gloating little commissars, sensing the nearness of the time when their unspeakably boring dreams will become everyone's nightmare. □

Thomas Halper

The Commissars' Art

Soviet painting at the Met

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is where aspiring sophisticates go to church. An enormous singular presence on the rim of Central Park, it confronts the east side of Manhattan with an overwhelming stately grandeur that reduces the facing towering apartment houses to insignificance. With its magnificent classic facade, dozens of intimidating entry stairs, and fountained plaza the length of a football field, the museum is surely one of the most impressive structures in a city full of impressive structures. But what really impresses, of course, is what is inside the edifice. For through the doors and beyond the glorious rotunda always filled with enough fresh flowers for a gangster's funeral, is art so numerous and varied, so staggering in delicacy and power that one is almost forced to entertain the possibility of the eventual salvation of the human race that created it all. Tapestries and urns, medieval gates and jousting armor, sarcophagi and statuary, and, above all, paintings upon paintings upon paintings. Who, in the midst of this, could not be awed? It is unquestionably the greatest museum in the United States and quite possibly the greatest museum in the world.

Under its former director, Thomas P.F. Hoving, the Met became known for its spectacular "blockbuster exhibitions": the tremendously popular French Impressionist show of 1974, for instance, or the slickly banal "World of Jefferson and Franklin" of the bicentennial year. Its big new exhibit is "Russian and Soviet Painting," and the other night a friend and I attended the opening. I had seen the exquisite gold of the Scythian exhibit lent by the Soviets a few years earlier, but I was nonetheless skeptical about this show. For despite much talk of periodic cultural "thaws," this after all was a system that rewarded its greatest poet, Mandelstam, with death, that honored its Nobel Prize winning novelists by forcing one, Pasternak, to reject the award and another, Solzhenitsyn, to leave the country, and that rebutted the satire of Sinyavsky and Daniel with long years of imprisonment at hard labor. Nor was all of this in the remote past. Only recently, abstract artists had found their work ravaged by bulldozers in Red Square.

The exhibit begins with a room of fourteenth- to seventeenth-century religious icons of uneven quality, several truly beautiful but some rather awkward. Among the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century paintings are a few powerful portraits—an earthy study of one of Peter the Great's drinking buddies, for example, and an oddly affecting Catherine the Great seen as a little old lady—but as time passes the proportion of greeting card scenes, cornball illustrations, and dreary landscapes becomes positively oppressive. Savrasov's "Sunset over the Bog" belongs in a travel brochure, Vasnetsov's "Battle of the Scythians and the Slavs" resembles a cowboy and Indian picture in an Arizona county historical society, and Shishkin's "Pine Forest in Viatsk Province" reminds one of the drab reproductions found in dentists' offices. A pair of portraits by the great Serov are lovely, but they are nearly hidden by the surrounding aesthetic debris.

With the twentieth-century paintings, the story is even worse. There are a couple of fine Kandinskys, a striking study of a young woman by Bakst, and a few others of geunine interest by such modernists as Malevich, Rodchenko, and Popova. But they are all but submerged by innumerable illustrations of quintessential schmaltz. There is "Putting the Shot," featuring a powerful woman shot putter. And "Higher, Ever Higher" depicting a strapping couple performing work for the motherland on an electrical tower. And a pair of hagiographical studies of V.I. Lenin. And a flattering portrait of Chairman Brezhnev.

Meanwhile, in descriptive statements affixed to the exhibit's walls, the Met speaks of "the establishment of the Ministry of Enlightenment...[having] afforded the artist unique opportunities," of the Soviet effort "to create a revolutionary art for a revolutionary society," of the "traditions of Soviet culture," and so on. In gushing prose on the "unprecedented creativity and versatility of the *avant garde*" from 1908 to 1925, it is somehow

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omitted that the Party extinguished that remarkable phenomenon and continues to hide its work from the Soviet public to this very day. Stalin and Khrushchev, like modern Medicis, are spoken of as patrons of the arts.

What are such dismal paintings and ridiculous Newspeak doing at the Met? Is it possible that the powers-that-be at the museum actually thought all this stuff worth exhibiting and considered the editorial remarks mere expressions of a differing, but entirely legitimate point of view? This is highly unlikely. Even his detractors concede Hoving his sophistication, and no one, I think, can imagine that paintings of the quality of most of these would be shown if they had come from any other country (except, presumably, China). Could the Met leadership, then, be sympathetic to Soviet ideology and welcome the opportunity to be of some assistance? This appears absurd. Its leadership is littered with classic capitalist establishment types, the chairman of the board being that sturdy pillar of Wall Street, C. Douglas Dillon. Was it necessary to exhibit this collection in order to borrow other more worthy exhibitions? Perhaps. But if so, the Met has missed the fact that its prestige is such that lending it paintings is a far greater honor for the lender than the borrower. The museum's motives, in any event, remain as baffling as those of its Egyptian sphinx.

Of course, the show may merely be sound and fury signifying nothing, anyway. Certainly, it is hard to see how it could convince knowledgeable people that art can bloom under totalitarianism. In fact, by revealing what the Soviets think art is—sententious political advertising for the virtues of hard work, patriotism, technology, and the Communist Party—it may even hurt their cause. After all, a banality so pervasive as to dominate even the paintings' titles ("There Will Always Be Sunshine!" "Let Us Plant Gardens," "Under Peaceful Skies," "Toilers of the Mountains," etc., etc., etc.) is hard to ignore.

Yet the press reception, while hardly enthusiastic, was quite respectful. The *New Yorker*, for example, called the show "well worth the visit," and the *Times* pronounced it "not at all negligible" and "a great step forward," singling out a hackneyed illustration of a mound of skulls with a few vultures as "one of the most compelling of all pacifist apologias." The general public reception may well be even warmer, for the Met is a legitimating force that has the power to define not only "good art" but "art" itself to those thousands of visitors who "don't know anything about art but know what they like." By exhibiting these paintings, the Met is placing its imprimatur on them by certifying that they are worth the focus of attention at the nation's greatest museum. The implication of this was made clear to me when I revisited the show. In order to reach it, one had to pass through a portion of the ancient Chinese collection, including a room dominated by two enormous statues of Buddha and a room of exquisite animal figurines. As often as I have passed the Buddhas, I am still struck dumb by their sheer power, and among the figurines, I always find something that I had not detected before. But to the mob of visitors around me, these rooms were mere hallways, the Buddhas mere obstacles in their path, the figurines not even noticed, as they pushed on toward the Russian art. And once there, it was obvious from overheard remarks that, aside from the portraits of Lenin and Brezhnev, the paintings were well received. They were simple didactic illustrations, for the most part, and this naturally has a strong appeal, but what made them "art," I am convinced, is that they hung in the Met.

What may be most disturbing, however, is not the Met's cynicism or the public's taste for mediocrity or even the fact that the show seems to be taken so seriously. No, what is most disturbing is that the Met seems to be lending its inestimable prestige to the assertion that art is not only possible in a totalitarian system, but can actually thrive there as a result of official effort. Believing this not only entails knowing nothing of art; it also entails knowing nothing of totalitarianism. Now, art surely does not require a free society—in fact, most great art has probably been produced under authoritarian regimes—but in a totalitarian system where the aim is to produce a New Man and indoctrination is a chief means to this end, great art is simply abolished to the extent it can be replaced by propaganda. As Sinyavsky put it:

> The Purpose is an all-embracing ideal, toward which truthfully represented reality ascends in an undeviating revolutionary movement. To direct this movement toward its end and to help the reader approach it more closely by transforming his consciousness—this is the Purpose of socialist realism, the most purposeful art of our time.

For daring to write this and other truths, Sinyavsky was dispatched to Siberia. But committed to his art, he continued to write secretly, even there. The Met's leaders, lacking Sinyavsky's literary gifts, can hardly be required to demonstrate their commitment to artistic freedom and integrity in a similar fashion. But if Sinyavsky could confront the bear in its lair, it may not be asking too much for the Met, from its palatial security on Fifth Avenue, to moderate its servility to his oppressor. To do less is to perform not only a disservice to the spirit of freedom, but also to the spirit of art itself. □

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THE PUBLIC POLICY
by
Adam Meyerson

Conserving Oil: Some Historical Reflections

In 1924 President Calvin Coolidge faced an energy problem remarkably similar to the one confronting President Carter. Experts believed that domestic reserves of crude oil would be depleted within a generation, for demand, stimulated by the burgeoning automobile and aviation industries, seemed to be rising much faster than new reserves were being discovered. This had dangerous implications for national security: World War I had demonstrated the strategic necessity of plentiful reserves, as the supplies of English and French oil had been cut off in the Middle East by the Turks, and American producers had single-handedly to fuel the Allied war effort. Yet no immediate shortage was manifest—on the contrary, domestic production was vigorous and prices were so cheap that Coolidge was afraid Americans were developing wasteful consumption habits. The public, meanwhile, thought prices too high, and suspected the oilmen of chicanery. In 1923 Senator Robert LaFollette held widely publicized committee hearings in which he attacked the vertical integration of oil companies; then in 1924 the revelations of bribery at Teapot Dome fortified popular distrust of the industry as well as calls for regulation. President Coolidge did not sympathize with this clamor, but he was alarmed by the prospect of depleted resources, and so, later that year he set up the Federal Oil Conservation Board (FOCB), consisting of four cabinet members and designed to convince the oil companies and the states to take stringent conservation measures.

There are differences, of course, between 1924 and 1977. Under Calvin Coolidge the United States produced over two-thirds of the world's oil, and petroleum was one of our major sources of export earnings; one of the aims of the FOCB was to encourage imports, so as to preserve our domestic reserves. Under Jimmy Carter, by contrast, America imports over 40% of its oil, and the petroleum bill is solely responsible for our worsening trade deficit. The word "conservation" had different connotations: Coolidge's emphasis was on supply—restrictions on output, eliminations of waste in production; Carter's emphasis is on demand—eliminating waste in consumption, and making the nation's capital stock more energy-efficient. In 1924 the major worry was about dwindling oil; but technology often makes new resources available and today we worry as much about natural gas, which fifty years ago could not be transported for long distances. Finally, an enormous change has taken place in policy expectations: The FOCB was not to promulgate federal regulations but to encourage state ones, and Coolidge greatly feared interfering with state prerogatives; President Carter, on the other hand, has proposed to regulate intrastate commerce, without provoking much outrage. Yet for all these differences the two Presidents have shared a common perception of emergency: Coolidge, in fact, was so disturbed by the squandering of petroleum that he was willing to abandon his cherished free-market principles. The oil industry, he wrote, was too "intimately linked with the industrial prosperity and safety of the whole people" for it to be "left to the simple working of supply and demand."

In 1926, two years after the FOCB was established, the emergency was over. For in that year, vast oil discoveries were made at the Seminole Field in Oklahoma and Kettleman Hills in California. By 1930, when Dad Joiner struck oil in the still more enormous East Texas Field, the predictions of depletion disappeared. The big problem now was a glut: Wellhead prices dropped from $1 to ten cents a barrel, and as the Depression cut demand, oil producers found themselves with both unsellable crude and seemingly limitless reserves.

The expansion of reserves, however, did not bring an end to the Federal Oil Conservation Board. The rhetoric of conservation remained—and the FOCB continued its valuable service of discouraging waste in extraction—but the main function of the board shifted from conserving a scarce resource to stabilizing the crude oil market and buttressing prices for producers. The FOCB began compiling forecasts of refinery demand, to assist state agencies in setting "prorationing" production quotas that would prevent competitive price-cutting—and thus opened one of the tawdriest chapters of business-state collusion in American history. In the early thirties, the governors of Texas and Oklahoma called out the National Guard to enforce the anticompetitive quotas, and in 1935 President Roosevelt signed the Connally "Hot Oil" Act, barring from interstate traffic any crude that exceeded state prorationing rules—all this in the name of "conservation." We may judge the sincerity of the justification, however, by noticing that during this period of glut the oil producers still received huge tax subsidies—both the depletion allowance and the writeoff for intangible drilling expenses—that were ostensibly designed to stimulate exploration.

Today we have come full circle: The government is still involved with oil prices, but now it keeps them artificially low rather than artificially high. The public discourse, not surprisingly, buzzes again with talk of shortages and the need for conservation; and President Carter, declaring "the moral equivalent of war," has proposed a national plan to slow the growth of fuel consumption. His plan is generally sensible, but in assessing some of its features, we might profit from some reflections on our country's earlier experience with conservation policy.

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Implications of Ignorance

Of all the premises informing Mr. Carter's proposal, none is so significant as the belief that easily recoverable oil and natural gas supplies are running out. Thus the overwhelming emphasis on conservation, and the relatively slim use of price incentives to encourage greater development of energy resources: Higher profits, the energy planners apparently feel, are more likely to generate populistic resentment of higher prices (which are felt necessary for conservation) than they are to find new supplies. And so the President's energy plan contains a general preference for taxation over decontrol of prices.

The statistics are on Mr. Carter's side, at least domestically. Oil is still abundant in America: According to the U.S. Geological Survey our national reserves amount to an estimated 440 billion barrels, enough to last some eighty years at present consumption rates. Most of this oil, however, is trapped in shale or rock formations, in scenic places where the environmentalists rightly won't let anyone touch it, or where it is so expensive that no company will undertake extraction without massive federal subsidies. When it comes to oil that is easily obtained, the outlook is bleak. Production is down in the U.S. from 3.5 billion barrels in 1970 to 3 billion in 1976, even though America accounts for three-quarters of all the drilling activity in the free world, and even though the wellhead price for crude from new wells has quadrupled to $11.28 a barrel. Even the oil from Alaska—2 million barrels a day are expected to be flowing next year—will only stop the decline temporarily.

The Administration seems to be on shakier ground in its international estimates, based on a much-disputed CIA report that previous studies grossly exaggerated world reserves and understated the growth in world demand. Most experts feel that there is plenty of oil, particularly in the Middle East, and certainly enough to last for the next hundred years or so. But as far as American policy is concerned, that's really beside the point. At the moment the OPEC cartel shows few signs of breaking up, and America must therefore conserve oil or find new domestic reserves: We shouldn't go on spending $32 billion a year and more for imported oil. And President Carter's energy planners are correct in saying that, according to the best available knowledge, domestic reserves just aren't there to be found.

Let us not forget, however, that experts in the early 1920s were also predicting an imminent exhaustion of domestic resources, and that by the end of the decade their predictions were overwhelmingly proved wrong. We know both the country's and the world's resources far better than we did in the 1920s: Geological knowledge and drilling techniques have greatly advanced, and we have had the benefit of fifty more years of exploration. Even so, we must confess that of our actual petroleum supplies we still are ignorant. It is true that the world's oil resources are finite. And it is also true that in the four years since the OPEC cartel quadrupled the price of crude, drilling activity has intensified around the world—to little avail. But one should not infer from this that we are necessarily approaching our limits. It took eight years of fruitless drilling before California Standard first discovered oil in Arabia. It took nine years of similar frustration before Atlantic Richfield first struck oil on Alaska's North Slope. Who knows what frustrating exploration now going on will suddenly produce results? Five or ten years from now, a technical innovation or a major new strike could render our talk of an "energy crisis" as obsolete as Calvin Coolidge's fears in 1924.

What are the policy implications of this ignorance? First, we should not be so sure that higher oil profits will not stimulate greater supplies; on the contrary, if new supplies are to be developed, it will only be because oil companies have an incentive and the wherewithal to develop them. In this respect, President Carter's proposal to tax rather than decontrol "old" oil is not particularly objectionable: "old" oilwells by definition cannot be further developed (any oil in excess of a property's historic production levels is classified as "new"), and a higher price for "old" oil would stimulate only secondary and tertiary recovery from limited reserves. But Mr. Carter's partial decontrol of "new" oil is not enough. Investment in exploration and development will be most efficient if the market is allowed to determine prices.

The second implication is that policies should be flexible enough to take into account any new information that should emerge. Consider the President's proposals for a tax on "gas-guzzling" cars and for a stand-by tax on gasoline if the growth of consumption does not slow down. On the basis of current knowledge, these proposals seem judicious—and lovers of liberty should certainly welcome them as preferable to rationing or outright proscription—but five or ten years from now they might easily be unnecessary, perhaps harmful. Would we still hold onto them, however? Government programs have a tendency to continue on their own momentum, often after their original rationale has long been abandoned. Such was the case with President Coolidge's Federal Oil Conservation Board, when the scare of depletion gave way to a glut. So, too, some of the measures that Mr. Carter proposes to expedite conservation might turn into subsidies for special interests. If we institute tax credits for insulation or solar heating units, let us not forget that certain industries will benefit from them and lobby for their retention, and that such credits could become the loopholes and oil depletion allowances of the future.

The "Big Oil" Bogeyman

A second basic premise of Mr. Carter's energy plan is that the oil companies are widely feared and resented, and that it would be politically foolish to grant them the opportunity for much higher profits—especially when he is calling for sacrifices from almost everyone else. This premise is probably correct. Of the nine largest corporations in the world, seven are oil companies; even more than the automobile industry, "Big Oil" is subject to all the suspicions that concentrations of wealth and power, and huge multinationals in particular, incur. To the general distrust of size, we may add a specific bitterness that results from the enormous increase in profits that oil companies enjoyed in 1973 and 1974—prompting the widespread accusation that the companies were somehow responsible for, or at least accomplice to, the OPEC price rise. Moreover, as was evident from our glimpse of oil policy in the twenties and thirties, populist opposition to the major oil companies runs deep in our history. Senator LaFollette's crusade in the 1920s was itself a throwback to earlier crusades against the Standard Oil trust. And the clear evidence of anticompetitive behavior in the 1930s became, to those convinced of the oilmen's wickedness, a rallying cry for decades to come.

Admittedly the oil industry has had a checkered career. Not only did producers —with the help of the government—artificially limit output in the 1930s; but in the late 1950s, when cheap foreign oil was beginning to make inroads on domestic markets, they persuaded President Eisenhower to establish restrictive import quotas, and thus to maintain domestic prices above world levels. They used their political clout to win all kinds of unwarranted tax breaks. And outside the United States the three largest companies operated for many years a quasi-cartel (based on the "Achnacarry" or "As Is" agreements of 1928) which divided up markets and coordinated facilities in order to keep prices stable.

The fear of "Big Oil" profits is really a bogeyman, however. The large companies' earnings did rise enormously in 1973 and 1974, but they plummeted by 25% in 1975, and in the ten years prior to 1973 they averaged slightly below the median for American corporations—healthy enough but scarcely indicative of monopolistic price-fixing. The world oil market once was tightly oligopolistic, but it became much more competitive in the fifties and sixties, under the pressure of an international petroleum glut and the entry of hundreds of new firms.* And domestically, when we examine the historical record a little more closely, it turns out that the efforts to restrict competiton have often come from small independents rather than multinational giants. The largest producers, for example, did not push for the prorationing quotas that started in the 1930s; the

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impetus for these measures came instead from independent drillers who feared that in a price war the majors would have an unfair advantage. Similarly, in the 1950s, the internationals like Exxon (then Esso), Gulf, and Shell vigorously—and unsuccessfully—opposed the institution of import quotas, for they wanted to sell their foreign crude on the lucrative American market. From 1956 to 1969, Exxon could muster an average profit rate of only 2%, and for all its concentration of wealth and power, utterly failed to repeal a quota that was disastrous to its interests.

If, then. the bloated profits of the oil industry are only chimerical, should President Carter be so reluctant to offer opportunities for higher earnings? There are sound political reasons for his hesitancy. In the short run, the most pressing need is to convince people that, given our existing information, energy prices are simply too low; President Carter obviously feels he should not imperil the acceptance of higher prices by appearing to give too much to the oil industry. There are ample precedents, moreover, for avoiding the marketplace. Even Calvin Coolidge thought the oil industry too important to be governed by the forces of supply and demand.

We are also making precedents, however, and in doing so we should consider that energy is not the only resource with potential shortages. Fifty years from now, when policymakers turn back to President Carter's energy plan for some historical perspective, there is good reason to suspect that many important metals, for example, will be becoming progressively scarcer. This scarcity need not be a serious problem: If the market is permitted to work, prices will rise over the years and producers will hold back their output in the expectation of greater future earnings. If, however, the owners of valuable resources feel that future profits will be popularly regarded as unjust windfalls and therefore restricted, there will be little incentive to conserve over the years. In that case, be prepared to conserve your moral energy, for there will be many "moral equivalents of war" to come. □

• The major oil companies are often accused of aiding and abetting the OPEC cartel, and there is evidence that they did not strongly resist moves to cartelization. (It is not entirely clear the companies could have resisted.) But Raymond Vernon shows the importance of competition from brash newcomers to the Middle East (e.g., Occidental Petroleum) as an impetus for the OPEC price rise: these firms, hoping to expand their share of Middle Eastern production, were willing to pay increasingly higher royalties to the host nations, thus giving them the idea that such royalties could rise much further. See *The Oil Crisis* (Norton, 1976).

Joseph McGrath

The Game of the Name

I have here a peculiar clipping from a recent Sunday edition of the local newspaper. It's a short item, an announcement of the imminent wedding of a young couple. What is peculiar about that, you ask? Well, nothing, except that it goes on to record that the couple has agreed, for ideological reasons, to retain both of their surnames after they are hitched and to be known collectively thereafter as the Schwamm-Bukowskis. Now, I would not for a millisecond challenge Miss* Schwamm's right to display the name posterity has bequeathed to her. Her doing so is simply an assertion of an individual prerogative and as such has its charms. When considered as an emerging social custom, though, the practice compounds its interest, so to speak, geometrically.

Suppose, for example, that the Schwamm-Bukowskis conceive and give birth to a child. We'll call her Janet Schwamm-Bukowski. Janet grows up and meets the boy of her dreams who, not surprisingly, is also dual-named—Jack Krenwinkel-Roget. Naturally, Janet chooses to retain her full maiden name, in the family tradition. So, the Schwamm-Bukowski-Krenwinkel-Rogets multiply, naming their bouncing baby Frank. Once of age, Frank, shunning the priesthood, takes a bride, the lovely and talented Juanita Halloran-Schwamm(no relation)-Morningside-Lucarelli. This nice young couple, being sentimental, name their first issue after a favorite great-grand-uncle, the quaintly-named John Smith. John Smith Halloran - Schwamm - Morningside - Lucarelli-Schwamm-Bukowski-Krenwinkel -Roget it says on the birth certificate.

Quite apart from the fact that a person's name is to some extent a handle on his identity (and therefore reality) and that such a proliferation of monikers might tend to diffuse one's self-awareness, there are far more practical matters awaiting our young John Smith Halloran-Schwamm-Morningside-etc., and his generation.

(A) Baptismal fonts will have to evolove along with this practice, becoming large enough to accommodate the floods required in the lengthier ceremony. Ingenious techniques will no doubt be developed which will allow immersion-baptism to be carried out without loss of life.

(B) If commenced at the beginning of the school day, roll calls in metropolitan classrooms will last until lunchtime, which may force the abandonment (if any vestige of them survives till then) of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

(C) On the bureaucratic front there will be rejoicing. Think of all the fresh opportunities for those cute little computers to misspell your name. Form 1040 will be graced with another line or two.

(D) All metropolitan telephone directories will have to be issued in multivolume editions so as to remain portable. Because of the secondary social uses of telephone books, planning in this area is especially important: why should our lack of foresight embarrass our shorter dinner guests?

(E) It will become increasingly difficult to design monogrammed items such as towels, pillow cases, blankets, and handkerchiefs which look anything but gaudy. It is hoped that monogrammed tie-clips, earrings, and cufflinks, rather than expand to absurd proportions, will simply drop from sight.

(F) At conventions, and other gatherings of the unacquainted, 11" X 14" placards will droop like stiff bibs from the necks of the guests, bearing the elongated legend, "Hi, My Name Is..."

(G) What now seems impossible inevitably will occur: The credit sequences of

Joseph McGrath writes from Boston.

* I use the archaic appellation "Miss" only to distinguish, in my own mind, the lady in question from one "Manuscript" Schwamm, a proof-reader of my acquaintance.

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films and television programs will roll on even more tediously than they do now.

(H) And what of those stalwarts who for centuries, never greedy, have plied their trade happy with modest profits, secure in the knowledge that they have chosen *the* quintessential "steady job": what about the headstone cutters? How long before these patient souls succumb to the pressures of a bull market and begin charging "by the letter," perhaps with hyphens etched half-price?

You may scoff at these prognostications, call them casual, even frivolous. But before you do, give another thought to our young friend, John Smith Halloran-Schwamm-Morningside-Lucarelli-Schwamm(no relation)-Bukowski-Krenwinkel-Roget with his genealogy flowing behind him like an unwieldy banner. If that doesn't give cause for reflection, then I can say no more except to suggest that we may be courting, through excessive enthusiasm, the resentment of future generations. Perhaps from these ephemeral pages we may presume to forward our sympathies to those generations. At the very least, our condolences to the descendants of Messrs. Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. They will need it. □

John Nollson

Sons and Mothers

"Hello, mom? Is that you?"

"Sanjay, yes it is Sanjay; I recognize the voice—but not because I've heard it lately. Not a call since the election; not a letter; not even a post card! And after all the sacrifices I made for you!"

"Oh, c'mon, ma, will ya cut it out?"

"Of course, it's easy for you. But what have I been all these years except a poor widow trying to do the best she can for her son. When your father died....and if the British hadn't done away with suttee? An orphan, that's what you'd be today. You wouldn't even have your grandfather—Vishnu rest his soul—to look after you."

"Listen, mom, I didn't call to hear how tough it was for you and Grandpa Jawaharlal."

"So you need money, that's what it is! You've squandered your allowance again. A whole automobile factory isn't enough for you. I'm glad your father didn't have to live to see this."

"Oh, c'mon, ma, will ya cut it out?"

"It's easy for you to say, isn't it? So, now it's too much for a mother to ask for her son to call once in a while, or to send a few lines in a letter. But I still worry about you, Sanjay. Sometimes I think you're going to run off with a Muslim girl, and that's not the worst of it. Promise me one thing, darling; promise your mother that you'll stay away from those gay bars in Calcutta."

"Don't worry, ma."

"You haven't gotten married, have you?"

"I can't remember, ma."

"Sanjay, what is a mother to do these days? No one will ever love you like your mother. Remember: everything I did, I did for you. I declared the emergency for you; I locked up the rightists for you; I closed down the newspapers for you; I even played a little footsie with the Russians for you. Why? Because I wanted gratitude? Don't be silly. I just wanted you to have the things I didn't have when I was a child. I mean, after Daddy Jawa died, I had to claw my way to the top. I didn't want you to have to go through all of that, Sanjay. Was that so wrong?"

"No, ma."

"Anyway, we shouldn't talk like this, Sanjay; it just gets us depressed. So tell me, darling, what are you doing these days to keep busy?"

"I do some work on my motorcycle."

"On your motorcycle?"

"Yeah, I mean like there's a bunch of us, and like we like to ride around town, and like we like to go bowling at the new lanes the Russians built for us in downtown Calcutta, Brezhnev Bowlorama, you know the place. So we roll a few frames, then maybe we go over to the new Pizza Hut and have a half-pepperoni, half-plain. You know, ma, you should come to the lanes once in a while; you need a little recreation."

"You're a dear boy, Sanjay, to think of your mother, but I'm not so much a stick in the mud. Now that I'm not so busy, I can get away every so often, even for a singles weekend in the Himalayas. Sometimes, I go with a friend on the package deal—Weekend for Two in Katmandu."

"You mean there's something to those rumors about you and Hugh Carey?"

"Silly gossip, Sanjay; there isn't a thing between us. I swear on the memory of the Mahatma."

"Whatever you say, ma. Listen, as far as I'm concerned, what you do is your business. Meanwhile, ma, I need some money. In fact, I need the number of the bullion account in Geneva. I just need one ingot. I can get a terrific deal on a big Kawasaki, but the Parsee who owns it wants to be paid in gold."

"The number of the bullion account? Absolutely not, Sanjay; this is where I will have to draw the line. I once told you that the ingots were put away for a rainy day—not to be squandered on motorcycles!"

"Grandpa Jawa said I could have my share whenever I wanted, so there!"

"Those ingots, Sanjay, are the family's nest egg. The gold is an insurance policy in case we have to start a new life in some foreign country. Besides, the price of gold is bound to rise again, and we ought to hang on to the bullion."

"Really, ma, there's no reason for you to be so stingy. As soon as you finish your memoirs, the money will start to roll in. Besides, I've been working on a deal for you—for my customary ten percent commission, of course!"

"Your own mother you would charge a ten percent commission for putting together a deal? You should be ashamed of yourself, absolutely ashamed. What's the deal?"

"I'm negotiating with David Frost; you'll do five television interviews for six million rupees plus seven percent of the gross. Where can you beat that?"

"If I still had your sainted father to rely on, believe me, it would be seven million rupees and eight percent of the gross. But what is a poor widow to do, who has to depend on a son who can't even make a go of a free automobile factory?"

"Why do you always bring that up, ma? I'm really driving a hard bargain for you in these negotiations with Frost. Nixon, warts and all, was never a real dictator. For the real truth about our Watergate, the

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networks should pay plenty!"

"But then, Sanjay, the truth will have to come out—about what a softie I am, about how I did it out of love for you, how I was forced into it, how I was too kind to say no."

"Listen, ma, you can't get all that money for some television interviews and then not expect your reputation to be damaged in some way or other. That's one of the costs of being in the arena—the Indian people will have to learn how sweet you are. But Daddy and I always knew that."

"Sanjay, you'll never know what it means to me to have a son like you to rely on. You're a sweet boy, and you must come visit me. You'll come this weekend."

"Yeah, well maybe some other time. It takes forever to get to your place these days."

"Why is that, darling?"

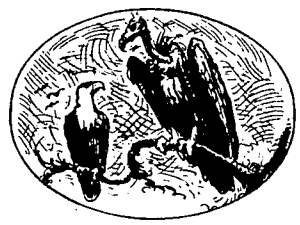
"It's just a fact of life, mom; now that you're out of office, the trains don't run on time."

"It serves them right! You won't forget to write?" □

THE NATION'S PULSE

by

Peter J. Rusthoven



G-Men in the Dock

Even in an era when principles of common sense and simple justice are so often turned on their heads, the Government's decision to prosecute former FBI official John J. Kearney stands out as truly remarkable. Mr. Kearney is accused of violating the civil rights of members of the Weather Underground Organization, by supervising supposedly illegal wiretaps, break-ins, and mail-openings. For the Weathermen and other veterans of the SDS, who directed an unparalleled campaign of bombings and assorted violence during the late 1960s and early 1970s, these must be days of surprising satisfaction and unexpected vindication. A host of young men who either deserted or refused to serve their country in wartime have been welcomed back with open arms, absolved of blame for acts which were straightforwardly illegal, and virutally lauded for their moral foresight and fortitude. Meanwhile, Mr. Kearney faces a possible prison sentence for using tactics which had been presumed legal for some 25 years, as part of a battle against well-organized, armed, and dangerous cadres of adolescent terrorists.

The Kearney prosecution is apparently the brainchild of J. Stanley Pottinger, head of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. Mr. Pottinger seems to view the prosecution of Kearney as a means of getting enough information to indict higher-ranking FBI officials. To date, Attorney General Bell has backed Pottinger's efforts. Bell has also stated, in a rather curious pronouncement, that although the government "should" pay for the defense of those currently being prosecuted for obeying official instructions, it will not in fact do so.

Pottinger's crusade against the Bureau has received support in predictable quarters, from individuals who advance predictable arguments. In particular, Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times'* sanctimonious knee-jerk twins, have been at their pontificating best on this matter. The "real issue," say both Wicker and Lewis, is "the rule of law." According to Wicker, the decision to prosecute is "vitally necessary," since "no belief among the poor and the disadvantaged and the politically dissident is more powerfully held than that there is a tough and punitive law for them but virtually no law at all for the police agencies, the politically powerful and the economically privileged." Moreover, Wicker goes on to say, "A lot of persons prosecuted politically in recent years thought they were acting in the best interests of their country, too." Thus, prosecuting Kearney "will clearly...signal that violations of the law will not be tolerated even when committed in the name of the law."

Lewis voices similar sentiments, but ties them more explicitly to Pottinger's presumed ultimate objective of getting the men at the top. "In a free society," he intones, "the police cannot be above the law." It is only the "terrible Bureau record of lawlessness [which] explains why the Justice Department has been moved to act against someone in its own investigative arm, as it has not done before and was surely hesitant to do now." But, Lewis wonders, "is it fair to prosecute a middle-level FBI man and do nothing about higher-ups?" We must find out, therefore, "what exactly did Kearney's superiors know?" In the meantime, though, we should proceed full-speed against Kearney. As Lewis reminds us, "It is just a year since a Senate Committee reported on the crimes and abuses committed by U.S. intelligence agencies. But memories are so short in this country that we have already begun to forget the chilling catalog of what was done." Moreover, we should remember that the "purpose" of "what was done" was "to punish, without trial, citizens whom FBI officials disliked."

Nonsense. Lewis is correct in saying that memories in this country are short. But the problem is not that we have "begun to forget the chilling catalog" of half-truths and distortions pasted together by Frank Church and his eager young aides in their crusade against the Bureau and the Central Intelligence Agency. Rather, we—or at least Messrs. Pottinger and Bell—have apparently forgotten the activities against which the now-condemned domestic surveillance program was directed, and the general consensus on the legality of that program that prevailed when it was in effect.

Lewis' assertion that the purpose of wiretaps and surreptitious entries was "to punish, without trial, citizens whom FBI officials disliked" is grossly and laughably inaccurate. I have no doubt that Mr.

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Kearney and his colleagues bore a healthy and justifiable enmity for the Weathermen, but the suggestion of a personal vendetta along the line of Bobby Kennedy's campaign to "get" Jimmy Hoffa simply ignores facts that were all too obvious just seven or eight years ago. Consider the following data from Kirkpatrick Sale's sympathetic and even laudatory history, *SDS*: In the spring of 1968, there were 10 bombings on college campuses; that fall there were 41; next spring, 84 on campus and 10 off campus; and during the 1969-70 school year, by what Sale labels "an extremely conservative estimate," there were no less than 174 on-campus bombings and at least 70 more off-campus incidents. These bombings—which Sale suggests may represent "only a sixth of actual number"—were accompanied by literally thousands of protest incidents, involving damage to property at 410 locations and physical violence in 230 instances, during the 1969-70 school year alone. FBI statistics on this period (compiled long before the current brouhaha) reveal property damage from such incidents running into several millions of dollars.

The FBI's wiretappings and break-ins were thus not aimed, despite the contrary implication of current reportage, at peaceful and well-meaning college students, voicing their sincere and troubled concern over American participation in an "immoral" war. Rather, such actions were undertaken in an effort to defuse an organized and well-financed band of revolutionaries, embarked on a calculated and systematic program of disruptive violence. As Sale puts it, "Political violence at the end of the decade, in other words, may not have brought about a revolution—but it was the closest thing to it that an ongoing society could imagine. Or perhaps endure."

Besides totally ignoring the context for the FBI's domestic surveillance actions, Wicker and Lewis are equally inaccurate in blandly invoking respect for "the rule of law" as justification for the Kearney prosecution. The "illegality" of FBI tactics is so obvious, they suggest, that the only real issue is whether we should let the Bureau get away with acts which we would readily condemn if committed by anyone else. Having thus loaded the quesion, they further suggest that the answer is obvious to any citizen who cares about law and individual rights.

The foregoing is of course a huge distortion of the legal context in which the FBI's acts should be judged. Since World War II, the Bureau has used wiretapping, mail-openings, and the like in any number of national security cases, with the full blessing of Presidents and Attorneys General. There was no hint of judicial challenge or disapproval of such tactics until 1972, when the Supreme Court decided *United States v. United States District Court* (402 U.S. 297). In that case, the Court held simply that in the future, in cases involving a purely domestic group, electronic surveillance would require a warrant. Decision on the issue of whether warrants were necessary in cases involving foreign subversive or intelligence activity was expressly reserved.

Mr. Kearney, in other words, is being prosecuted for acts which were not held to be illegal until *after* he had committed them—an arguable violation of the Constitutional prohibition on *ex post facto* laws. The Justice Department itself refused to prosecute CIA personnel who took part in mail-openings, precisely because the illegal nature of such activity was not established until fairly recently. Moreover, it is possible that Kearney's alleged actions were legal even by today's criteria, since the Supreme Court has held off from ruling on whether warrants are required in cases involving foreign powers, and since there is good evidence that Bernardine Dohrn, one of the Weathermen's leaders, fled to the KGB in Moscow when sought for prosecution in America.

Mr. Pottinger's punctilious concern for the civil rights of the Weathermen is at bottom a silly and unfair expression of that peculiar phenomenon known as "post-Watergate morality." Mr. Wicker's defensive comments that the "politically dissident" face a "tough and punitive law," and were "prosecuted politically" even though they "thought they were acting in the best interests of their country, too" is a further illustration of the same nonsense. In fact, that "tough and punitive law" has permitted thousands of self-proclaimed political dissidents to escape sanction for draft-dodging and desertion. In fact, those Weathermen and others who were brought to trial were not "politically prosecuted" as that term has always been understood in the past: They were prosecuted not for their political beliefs, but for engaging in bombings and other violent activities for which anyone would have been prosecuted.

If anyone is being prosecuted for political motives in this situation, it is John Kearney. Having attempted to fight, as he was told to do, a group of murderous and destructive thugs who may well have had ties to foreign governments, Kearney is now told that the methods he and his colleagues had employed for years no longer pass muster under the "moral" standards established in the aftermath of Watergate. Riding a crest of anti-FBI sentiment, and cheered on by the likes of Wicker and Lewis, Mr. Pottinger seeks in the name of "justice" and "the rule of law" to extract a full pound of flesh from Kearney for this distressing lack of foresight. It is, all in all, a disgusting set of developments, and one hopes that Attorney General Bell or President Carter himself will put a stop to it. □

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

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BOOK REVIEW

The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain
Edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. / Doubleday / $6.95

Tom Bethell

There is now a good deal of intellectual resistance to the ideals of social democracy, to the "fundamental tenet," as R. Emmett Tyrrell describes it in his introduction, "that government must attend to every need of the citizenry." This book, consisting of nine separate essays by British and American authors, is a contribution to that resistance movement. In a sense the author whose presence is perhaps most telling here is Peter Jay, the newly-appointed Ambassador to the U.S. Jay is the son of a former Labour cabinet minister and the son-in-law of the present Prime Minister, James Callaghan. Fifteen years ago, at Oxford, Jay was a leading light of the trendy left, a Wykemist and a wit, president of the Oxford Union. Today, however, Jay has clearly seen another light. Here he is—and who would have thought it would come to pass—on the same team as Peregrine Worsthorne, Irving Kristol, and James Q. Wilson, warning us against the dangers of social democracy.

What are these dangers? They are discussed in four essays here, by Harry Schwartz ("The Infirmity of British Medicine"), Samuel Brittan, the economic commentator for the London *Financial Times* ("The Economic Tensions of British Democracy"), Leslie Lenkowsky ("Welfare in the Welfare State"), and Peter Jay ("Englanditis"). The article by Schwartz, who is a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, is admirably clear and straightforward, but the other three, I fear, are rather heavy going, and one wishes that Lenkowsky's in particular were easier to read, because among his mass of statistics and comparative data he presents some important and unconventional explanations of the slow growth of British productivity.

Another strand of cautionary thought is to be found in the essays by Irving Kristol ("Socialism: Obituary for an Idea") and Colin Welch ("Intellectuals Have Consequences"). The theme on which they play variations is sounded, again, by Tyrrell: "The provincial earnestly denounces the hellishness of social programs, the cosmopolitan sniffs that no less a civilization than Great Britain has had such programs for years—and so the provincial collapses before a roar of ridicule from the trendies." In short, it is Tyrrell's thesis that America has stood intellectually in relation to Britain as the provincial does to the cosmopolitan, and thus we are embarking on the same course—as it were out of deference.

I think it is largely true that we *are* following Britain's path (with one very important exception, the trade unions, which I shall come to later), but is this because we are still under the spell of the Webbs, William Beveridge, and Harold Laski, or because there is some systematic characteristic of social democracy that ensures that "creeping socialism" will keep on creeping, in no matter what country?

I am inclined to the second alternative, although there can be no doubt that the Fabians and their cohorts have wielded tremendous influence, as Colin Welch points out in an unusually irate commentary. Nevertheless, I suggest that even though the U.S. is beginning to slide down a slope remarkably similar to Britain's, this is not because Sens. Hubert H. Humphrey and Edward M. Kennedy have been staying up at night reading the *History of Trade Unionism*. Rather, it is because it is in the nature of social democracy that elected representatives will promise the people that the government will do more and more for them, and so, when confronted by two candidates, one of whom (recklessly) promises more while the other (prudently) promises less, the electorate will generally opt for the former. I seriously doubt that Senator Kennedy has ever heard of the Beveridge Report, for example, but he lays before us a similar prospectus because he wants to be re-elected, because he no doubt believes that if only good intentions can find their way into law then Utopia will follow, and because (a special case here, but not uncommon) he is no doubt guilt-ridden, having inherited so much money.

Whatever the motivations for social democracy, it is extremely difficult to reverse the expansion of government programs once it begins—there is so much rhetorical advantage on the side of the government. This is perhaps the crucial point. The government tries—oh, does it try—to make things work out nicely for everyone. It is well-intentioned and so there is always political support for allowing it to try harder still. The private sector, on the other hand, depends for its efficiency and effectiveness on the *blind, callous, indifferent* marketplace, in which everyone is trying to maximize his share of the wealth; on *greed*, in other words. Now which seems better: a system based on greed or a system based on good intentions?

In his provocative essay, Irving Kristol argues that since socialist societies have, in practice, departed so widely from the ideal, the idea of socialism is no longer intellectually respectable. Unfortunately, as far as practical policy is concerned, socialist measures seem to be gaining greater acceptance.

This is because of the Law of Compounded Error. Once government has intervened in the marketplace, throwing supply and demand out of whack—as a rule causing shortages—the standard response is to *increase* the extent of government intervention. In the same way, when socialists are derided for doing such a poor job they always respond that the society in question doesn't have *enough* socialism at any given moment.

Take the "energy crisis," a classic case of government intervention leading to increased government control. By holding down prices in the interstate natural gas market, the government created shortages in non-gas-producing states, because sellers, insofar as they could, opted to sell their gas within the state that produced it, this transaction being beyond the reach of the Federal Power Commission. Now comes President Carter, and he proposes to extend FPC control to the intrastate market as well, *and* to lower prices therein, in order to alleviate "hardship." Needless to say, this solicitousness on the part of the government is not at all welcomed by the producing states, who would rather keep their hardship and their free gas market. (But Washington is thrilled, of course. We always knew Carter was only kidding when he ran against Washington.)

In light of this folly, can anyone believe that socialism is dead, or that social democracy has no future? In the years to come one can foresee, as plain as a pikestaff, a massive new bureaucracy in Washington (one can almost hear the pile-drivers already at work on the foundations) housing thousands of workers trying to apportion energy equitably, and to price it justly—and all because of government intervention in the first place. One would think it would have been so easy for Carter to have said: the Federal Power Commission was the problem. But no. Because of the powerful rhetorical imbalance (government: means well / market: greedy) he will inevitably end up saying, Folks, it was the oil companies.

That, at bottom, is the English disease, and that is why we have it here too.

I must say something about trade unions, and here it is a pleasure to turn to the essay by Peregrine Worsthorne, "New Lads On Top." This is a brilliant piece of writing—worthy of George Orwell, I feel—and alone worth the price of the book.

Tom Bethell, a British subject, is contributing editor to the Washington Monthly *and Washington editor for* Harper's.

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England: *Tyrrell takes on a future that doesn't work*

Whatever Became of England?

Politicians find it easy to say "yes" to government programs designed to do good. Saying "yes" is particularly easy when the costs of these programs are unknown, and the apparent benefits immediate.

For over thirty years politicians in Britain have been devising well-intentioned social programs, oblivious to their costs. The result: a nation that once boasted an Empire where the sun never set is today on the brink of collapse. The private sector is strangled, as the cost of government totals 60 percent of the Gross National Product. England faces high unemployment, crippling inflation, and aggravated social discontents. Its growth rate is one of the lowest in the West. Taxes are up and the quality of life is down.

What Will Become of Us?

Even as the consequences of the British welfare state become frighteningly clear, American politicians are proposing the same kinds of programs that have failed in a nation whose language, culture, and political traditions are remarkably like our own.

Before America pushes ahead with its own version of social democracy, isn't it appropriate to determine just what has happened in Britain? What mistakes have been made? How has social democracy contributed to British downfall? What lessons can America learn from the British experience?

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. has pursued these and related questions for two years, and his findings are now available in his first book. *The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain* is a provocative collection of essays written by some of the finest students of British socialism on either side of the Atlantic.

Advance Comments

"The United States has long been following the same welfare state path as Britain—though, fortunately, more slowly. We shall come to the same sorry end unless we learn from Britain's experience. This book is an excellent contribution to such a learning process." —*Milton Friedman*

"It will undoubtedly arouse controversy over the role of socialist thinking and social policy in Britain's economic decline, and the relevance of socialism to any modern society." —*Nathan Glazer*

"The decline and fall of my unfortunate country is—or should be—a matter of deep importance to the whole Western world. Hence, the special importance of *The Future That Doesn't Work*...I strongly recommend the Tyrrell Team's findings. They are all expert and lively writers—reluctant pallbearers who hope it may still be possible to avert an interment, or, failing that, to promote a resurrection."
—*Malcolm Muggeridge*

"I wish this could be read by every intellectual and policy-maker in America." —*Robert Nisbet*

"If we don't learn from experience, we are doomed. If we don't use brains to discipline idealism, we are lost. If we confuse virtuous intentions with desired consequences, we are fools. *The Future That Doesn't Work* is a tonic for our times—bitter medicine, but crucial and indisputable." —*Leo Rosten*

American Contributors

IRVING KRISTOL, editor of *The Public Interest*, on the intellectual death of socialism.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY, one of America's leading authorities on welfare, on the welfare state—does it contribute to Britain's low productivity?

HARRY SCHWARTZ, a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, on the suffering National Health Service.

JAMES Q. WILSON, professor of government at Harvard, on how once-peaceful Britain copes with its rising crime rate.

British Contributors

SAMUEL BRITTAN, economic commentator for the *Financial Times*, and PETER JAY, Britain's newly-nominated ambassador to the United States, give two perspectives of the economic contradictions of social democracy.

PATRICK COSGRAVE, a contributor to *The Spectator* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the postwar failures of the Conservative Party.

COLIN WELCH, deputy editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, on the slipshod house that Fabian intellectuals built.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, associate editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*, on the lockgrip power of British trade unions.

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For a limited time only, you can receive a free copy of *The Future That Doesn't Work*, edited by The Alternative's R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Just enter a new subscription for two years—or extend your current subscription for two years—and we'll send you a free copy of this important new book.

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Worsthorne (who is associate editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph*) argues that the unions are on top in England today because they are the only group in the nation that enjoys high "class morale." They are resisted, if at all, "by nothing more impressive than the soft underbelly of the bourgeoisie, quivering with guilt." It is a joy to quote further:

> Trade unionists today enjoy a special dispensation, a unique exculpatory glamor that takes much of the sting out of public criticism. Mythologically speaking, they are still the underdogs, the underprivileged, with all the benefits that such a status bestows in an age dedicated to the cause of social justice. I am well aware of how absurd this is in present circumstances, since so many trade unionists are now the *nouveaux riches* and take home wage packets that make them the envy of professional people....

There is in fact a good deal of social mobility in England today, but, as Worsthorne points out, the problem is that "the successful self-made man cannot avoid moving into a life that associates him with a past social system that was rooted in inherited privilege, since the pattern of life at the top dates from those days." Institutionally, in other words, there is still the illusion of class rigidity, still the illusion of a hereditary system. Thus sympathy, and the influence of the "cultural legitimizers" are on the side of the unions. They are "still allowed to enjoy the benefit of brazen historical propaganda, in which they always appear as David fighting Goliath."

This is surely an accurate diagnosis, but what is interesting about it, in a way, is how plainly it does *not* apply to the United States. (If it applies to anyone in the U.S. it is to the blacks.) Our trade unionists are not in the position of appearing to belong to a different, "downtrodden" class, nor do they in fact. Most fortunately for this country, the British apparatus of class distinction does not exist here. Thus there is no particular sympathy for unions. American union members are quite different from their British counterparts in other respects. Whereas British union leaders (at least) are frequently pro-Communist, American ones tend to be anti-Communist. They shun detente, and in fact are much more pro-capitalist than most of the quasi-intellectual elite to be found in government and at the universities. American unions favor economic growth, and are among the strongest opponents of environmentalism. In addition, we are still sufficiently unregulated economically to allow many opportunities for union members to shift over to management—to go into business for themselves. (This is especially true for Teamsters, who, one may recall, largely supported Nixon.) The percentage of the U.S. work force that is unionized has actually been decreasing since the 1950s (down from one-third of the work force then to one-fourth today).

It seems to me that this is the most important respect in which the "British Disease" is not catching on here. U.S. trade unionists do not enjoy a "special dispensation" and their power is if anything decreasing—witness the recent defeat of the common situs picketing bill on Capitol Hill. If Congress succeeds in passing legislation that provides federal funding of Congressional campaigns, then the power of the unions will decline even further. (In fact, such a measure would tend to isolate Congressmen from *all* "special interests" and for that reason is to be deplored.)

So there is hope for us yet. The country is large enough, and the constitutional integrity of the separate states is still strong enough that it is possible to emigrate, in effect, within the country, and escape from some of the problems that have bedeviled England. No doubt Milton Friedman was exaggerating when he said that we were only ten years behind the British. But still, there is no doubt that the Pox Britannica is a serious disease, much in need of the careful diagnosis that it is given in this book, even if the cure is neither prescribed nor readily apparent. □

BOOK REVIEW

The Face of Battle
John Keegan / Viking / $10.95

George S. Patton III

Mr. John Keegan's treatment of battle is unique. Having spent fourteen years describing and analyzing battles to officer cadets in training at historic Sandhurst, the British counterpart of West Point, he was eminently qualified to put this fine study together. It is obvious to this reviewer that Mr. Keegan is a competent teacher of battle and an excellent one at that. Although he has many objectives in the publication of this volume, a central mission is to try to tell the reader what it is like to be in battle. He then tries to develop answers to the all-important question—at least for those who practice my particular trade—how would I/you/he (or now she) behave in battle? What feelings are generated by the all-prevailing fears of death, disability, maiming, or (and well put) the fear of placing men in mortal danger as a combat commander when one knows or at least believes that their chances of survival are slim? The author draws liberally from such works as Junger's *Storm of Steel*, and such authors as Napier, Chandler, F.Y. Brown, and Stephen Crane, all of whom this reviewer has been exposed to from an early age. The writings and analyses of S.L.A. Marshall also play a role within these pages.

Mr. Keegan's goal is best put in his own words:

> I do not intend to write about generals or generalship, except to discuss how a commander's physical presence on the field may have influenced his subordinates' will to combat. I do not intend to offer a two-sided picture of events, since what happened to one side in any battle I describe will be enough to convey the futures I think are salient. On the other hand, I do intend to discuss wounds and their treatment, the mechanics of being taken prisoner, the nature of leadership at the most junior level, the role of compulsion in getting men to stand their ground, the incidence of accidents as a cause of death in war and above all, the dimensions of the danger which different varieties of weapons offer to the soldier on the battlefield.

In pursuit of this goal, Mr. Keegan devotes the greater part of his book to Agincourt, fought in October 1415; Waterloo—unquestionably one of the most significant battles in history—waged in June 1815; and finally the terribly costly campaign of July 1916 along the Somme River in Northern France. This last discussion is especially interesting in that it deals in some detail with the so-called Kitchener Divisions or "New Armies." These units participated in large numbers in the British attacks during this tragic period on the Western Front—a campaign which practically eliminated a whole generation.

Another interesting feature of this volume is Mr. Keegan's exploration into some of the side issues of armed conflict. For example, he discusses where the generals are during the actual fighting. He touches on the moral aspects of battle. Battle fatigue and its handmaiden, the self-inflicted wound, are also addressed. His treatment of one of the great secrets of success in war, the will to advance, to close with and destroy—what I have often called

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one of the intangibles of soldiering—is to me the high point of his work. Would that the automatic data processing experts understood it!

One subject which the author might have touched on more heavily is the influence of public opinion on the future of battle. Television has influenced and will continue to influence the public's support of armed conflict. I would be less than candid if I were not to mention it vis-à-vis Vietnam. This medium brought the war instantaneously from that tortured land into the living rooms of Mr. and Mrs. America. Its effect was profound since those who were perhaps unacquainted with some of the more brutal aspects of armed combat suddenly became personally and directly involved. The truth of the matter is that from Agincourt and before, up to the present, battles have been pretty brutal events. Now we have a medium which depicts this brutality. Thus, it is my view that more than ever before, public opinion will alter the complexion of battle.

Toward the close of this book Mr. Keegan draws certain conclusions for the reader's benefit. Whether we agree with them or not, and I do not personally agree with certain ones, they are well developed and thought-provoking. To me, any work which produces thought through sincere and wholesome argument or debate is a good effort and well worth the time required to be spent upon it.

The Face of Battle fills this description. It is a real adventure in learning more about a subject which, when it comes, has lasting effect on us all. John Keegan's book is a "must" for the professional military and a "should" for any student of history. □

BOOK REVIEW

On Being A Christian
Hans Küng / Doubleday / $12.95

Paul Kurtz

Ever since the days of Jonathan Edwards, America has undergone a "religious revival" every twenty years or so. Today this revivalism assumes various forms: There has been a resurgence of primitive evangelical, Bible-thumping, faith-healing fundamentalism. (This has its counterpart for the Jews with the growth of orthodox Chasidism and for the Arabs of fanatic Mohammedanism.) For those who reject traditional religious sects, bizarre cults of psychotherapy have sprouted—with esoteric Asian gurus, swamis, or satanists promising salvation through transcendental meditation, yoga, exorcism, or other rites of initiation. And finally, there is the "psychic" revolution, with its uncritical devotion to astral projection, telekinesis, ectoplasmic poltergeists, astrology, and other forms of para-normal nonsense.

One might almost think that the modern world is at an end, that the scientific revolution which began in the 16th century has been overwhelmed, and that we are back to the Middle Ages. We must be leery of hasty generalizations, of course: For all we know, the current flight from reason may simply be a media event to be replaced by still other fads and fashions, and like the New Left and the counterculture, will dissipate as quickly as it appeared. Still, many have been badly shaken by the resurgence of this "new religiosity," for it was widely believed that with the growth of universal education and affluence, gullibility and nincompoopery would eventually disappear. In spite of devastating critiques by logicians, philosophers, and scientists, the most vulgar and anti-intellectual forms of superstitious religion seem as strong as ever. Confidence in science and technology and in the ability of human beings to solve the problems of the contemporary age has been undermined by the new religiosity: Whether this will mean a permanent shift in outlook and values is difficult to say.

Hans Küng, in a powerfully argued and lengthy book (720 pages!), maintains that theistic religion can never be replaced and that, like art and poetry, it is an enduring feature of the human condition. He also maintains that scientific humanism has failed to satisfy the deeper hunger within the human soul for meaning and purpose. He believes that Christianity provides the most potent hope for humankind, and this he spells out with considerable skill and audacity.

A liberal Catholic theologian from Tübingen, Küng has taken on the Vatican and the Papacy. In an earlier work he sharply criticized the doctrine of infallibility. For that, he has incurred the displeasure of the Pope, and he has been warned by the Vatican of the dangers of heresy and error. Küng declined to go to Rome to answer an inquisition by the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. He is such an influential theologian, however, that there seems to be little else that the Church can do at present.

In this book Küng expresses what seems to be an essentially Protestant viewpoint. Using the tools of biblical criticism, he enunciates a demythologized Christianity. He relies upon the concrete probing of religious response rooted in individual experience. (Paradoxically, at a time when liberalism in Protestantism has been weakened by evangelical fundamentalism, it is still blowing strong in Catholicism.)

Küng is skeptical about much of the fictional legend of the historical Jesus, the reality of miracles, the Resurrection, the authenticity of the scriptures, revelation, the cult of Mary, the doctrine of the Trinity. He criticizes the legalism of the authoritarian and hierarchical Church, the subordinate role of women, the Church's historic anti-Semitism, its absolutistic moral doctrine, and its position on birth control and other issues. To understand the true meaning of Christianity, he argues, we must go back to Jesus' teaching unencumbered by Church doctrine.

He asks the question: "Why should one be a Christian?" and he replies: "In order to be truly human." One cannot prove by reason the existence of God, yet belief in Christ and his teachings can have a profound influence in one's life. To be a Christian, he believes, sustains a person. "Faith in Jesus the Christ gives peace with God and with oneself...." Christianity is not outside the world or separate from it, but within it. It is a form of humanism, indeed a truly "radical humanism," for it relates itself directly to the problems of man in the world.

As a nullifidian humanist, I find much in this book that I admire and can agree with. It is a valuable antidote to the know-nothing literal evangelicalism of American Babbittry. Küng's erudition and scholarship is impressive. He is sensitive to the critics of Christianity and indeed concedes many of the objections that skeptics have offered of it. When skeptics ask, "why ought one to be committed to Christianity, rather than the other world religions or humanisms?" Küng replies that belief in Christianity rests on an act of faith and is a commitment of value. Küng seeks to reinterpret Christianity and to reinvest it with new meaning and value for the contemporary context.

Yet I think that Küng fails to make his case, even for his modified Christianity. I agree with him that the current world crisis

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in part is deeply religious. We cannot escape from that. Traditional religious forms and symbols no longer seem adequate for contemporary man (outside of Plains, Georgia, and the Bible Belt). Marxism as an ideological religion has moved into the vacuum seeking to provide symbols of salvation and hope; but, in the last analysis, it offers unpalatable soup, too thin for the creative human imagination.

Post-modern technological society needs a set of viable moral ideals to sustain men, to give their lives direction and meaning; but our images of the future, to be effective, should not be out of cognitive touch with the world, nor immune to the scrutiny of critical intelligence. Secular humanism thus far may have failed many people in providing that: It has not offered alternative religious symbols of sufficient power and intensity. Instead, irrational salvational doctrines contend for men's allegiance. Perhaps men need gospels of Divinity or Utopia, and anything less is uninspiring.

Whether reason, without illusion, is ever enough is a troublesome question. So deep is the hunger after immortality that many will grasp at the mere promise, hoping thereby to give their frail human existence a deeper cosmic purpose. Though this be vain prattle, unconfirmed by the evidences of experience, it may be too hard for many human beings to accept the world for what it really is or is not. To read into reality more than it is, is simply a form of self-deception. Yet perhaps men would rather be deceived than accept the finitude of human existence, or the need to develop confidence in their own powers of courage and intelligence. □

BOOK REVIEW

Utopia & Revolution

Melvin J. Lasky / University of Chicago Press / $35.00

F.S. Manor

Every decade or so a book appears to rouse the sluggish world of intellect. Ten years ago Raymond Aron published his survey of relations between states, his monumental *Peace and War*. Now Melvin Lasky, editor of the *Encounter* magazine of London, in his equally monumental survey asks us to rethink the relationship between ideas, ideals, and ideologies.

We embark here on what Prof. Max Beloff describes as "a voyage of discovery across the three centuries that elapsed between the writing of More's *Utopia* and the new era that began with the ending of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars." Although we find in Mr. Lasky's book contemporary examples—from Malcolm X to Sukarno and Qaddafi—to illustrate the permanence of primitive word-magic in the world of politics and apocalyptic hope, his work is firmly anchored in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. It will be the second volume, now in preparation, that promises to illuminate the world of Marxism and the post-Marxist utopias and revolutions of our own times.

It is a rare intellectual pleasure to accompany this erudite cicerone as he shows us the influence of words upon ideas and ideas upon mankind which, despite all historical precedents, appears unable to free itself from the magic chain of metaphors, forever returning to the ancient dreams which can be implemented solely by violence—and the violence destroying not only the existing social system but freedom itself.

Twenty years ago, Prof. Norman Cohn in *The Pursuit of the Millennium* analyzed the apocalyptic movements that convulsed Europe from the 11th to the 16th century. This was the first major essay to place 20th-century totalitarianism within the historical-sociological framework of mankind's millennial aspirations. Dwelling at some length on events in Münster under the Anabaptist leader John of Leyden—a prime example this of a utopia that quickly degenerated into vulgar tyranny—Prof. Cohn sought to find in the chiliastic movements of medieval Europe antecedents to the twin phenomena of Hitler and Stalin:

> Between the revolutionary eschatology of the later Middle Ages and modern totalitarian "ideologies" there is of course one obvious difference. Where the former borrowed the language of Judeo-Christian prophecy, the latter have drawn upon nineteenth-century speculations in the fields of history, biology and sociology...In reality, however, the racial theory adopted by National Socialism was wholly unscientific and the simplified version of Marx's teaching known as Marxism-Leninism (formerly Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism) is hardly less so.

Mr. Lasky casts his net much wider. Quoting from English, German, French, Italian, and Latin sources, he sets out to analyze the *ideological* extension of human personality over some five centuries of history. "For if utopia and revolution are too much with us today, it was not always so. If ideology appears to have become in our time an anthology culled from a vest-pocket dictionary of *idées reçues*, and if in every ideological phrase there lies buried the etymological lore of centuries, there was a time when the words were new, the sentiments fresh, the ideas original and unprecedented." It is to these pristine origins of ideology that we are led under Mr. Lasky's skillful guidance to follow words as they developed into ideas, and ideas into violent acts.

It is fascinating to watch Mr. Lasky as he confronts the struggle that every intellectual historian, from Bayle to Mme. de Staël to Albert Camus, has to confront: the struggle "to hold out against the boisterous sea, to resist the waves of faction, to escape the howling wolves, to rise above the controlling powers of zeal, resentment, and prejudice *à droit et à gauche*." "Its splendors and miseries," Mr. Lasky adds, "will be as mixed as these metaphors."

For all his erudition, Mr. Lasky wears his learning lightly. The book is eminently readable, a compelling book, and although I am a busy newspaperman fully occupied with what the Greeks so aptly call *ephemeridae*, the fleeting record of minute slices of contemporary history, I found it difficult to tear myself from the swiftly flowing, albeit demanding, overview of mankind's progression, the patient but incontrovertible demonstration that history is not fashioned by economic development but by the force of ideas.

How easy it is to succumb to the apocalyptic vision that has played havoc with human minds, and destinies, throughout centuries and still bears sway over our unteachable world.

> The blue eyes of the Revolution
> shine with a necessary cruelty

Aragon rejoiced, while Auden promised:

> We shall build tomorrow
> A new clean town
> With no more sorrow
> Where lovely people walk up and down
> We shall all be strong
> We shall all be young...

Viewed at a distance of two generations, over a period in which more people have been murdered in the name of this false tomorrow than had once inhabited the known world, the verse sounds trite and the thought puerile. Yet intellect provides no immunity against this infection, as Lasky shows by the case of Comenius. This Czech refugee from Counter-Reformation

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was one of the great humanists of the 17th century, father of modern universal education whom Governor Winthrop of New England invited to become principal of the newly founded Harvard College, a man before his time who, three centuries ago, demanded that women should not be excluded from education since they are "human beings with equal intellectual capacities."

When I was a schoolboy, in my 300-year-old grammar school of Prague the only picture that adorned the three-foot-thick whitewashed walls was a lithograph of Comenius kneeling at Münster before the delegates to the peace congress, vainly imploring them to grant justice to Bohemia where the Thirty Years' War began.

Two years ago I stood in Münster's Peace Hall, miraculously preserved when most of the city was destroyed in wartime bombing. I looked at the fine portrait of that supercilious rake, young Oxenstierna, whom in 1648—the year in which the Peace of Westphalia was finally signed—his wise father admonished: "Do you not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?"

What chance had Comenius, I thought, to sway these tired summiteers—who had little inclination to worry about a far-away country and its people of whom they knew nothing? How startlingly familiar was the Münster of 1648, and how familiar, almost contemporary, was the scene that year in Prague. An ideological terror raged across Bohemia, with house-to-house searches for books and subversive material. Prisons were crowded and the executioner was busy. The borders were sealed and all emigration forbidden. There were as yet no barbed-wire fences nor mine-fields and scatter-guns, but the muskets and sabres of the soldiers guarding the border and hunting down refugees were as deadly as any automatic weapon of today.

From this hell Comenius had escaped. When the Peace of Westphalia was signed his dream to return to his homeland that would again be free was shattered. *Cuius regio, eius religio* was the legal compromise adopted by the congress, the spiritual ancestor of Helsinki's "Final Act": The religion (or ideology, if you will) of the ruler will be the religion of the ruled.

In his despair Comenius sought consolation in chiliastic extremism. Was it all that different from Andrei Amalrik, who has envisaged Russia's freedom to be born out of the forthcoming Sino-Soviet war? Is the dichotomy of Comenius the scientist and Comenius the chiliast any different from that exhibited by Prof. Chomsky? No wonder that the Prague Marxist regime, as Mr. Lasky remarks in his notes (there are a hundred pages of closely printed notes in this book, in themselves an intellectual feast), established the "progressiveness" of Comenius' defense of apocalyptic prophets and his mystical belief in the millennium. "He wanted," says the regime, "to use them as weapons which might change the course of the world for the better."

Things in their Babylonian corruption, Comenius wrote, needed "to be reformed from the very foundation, or to be rooted up from the very foundation." One merely has to remember the students of Paris and of Rome, smashing cars and burning shops as hated symbols of "consumerism," or the cries of "Burn, baby, burn!" in America's ghettoes where the mobs were burning down their neighbors' houses to "cleanse by fire" their society; and one quickly comes to realize that the metaphor, the tyranny of semantics, is riding higher than ever.

The word "Revolution," adapted from the then new science of astronomy, first implied a circular motion, removing the present bad to return to the golden age of yore. Soon, however, the term becomes the means of ushering in utopia. In the 17th century, James Howell linked Revolution both with misery, an explosive relationship between affluence and poverty; and with flight from felicity and freedom as a prime mover of turbulent men.

Howell believed that the turmoil of his own times stemmed from a surfeit of prosperity, peace, and happiness:

"...the Inhabitants of this Ile more than others, being a well-fed spriteful people; In so much, that it is grown a Proverb abroad, *The Englishman doth not know when he is well.*"

Harold Macmillan's 1957 reminder to the British, "You've never had it so good," has respectable antecedents. Today, the rush of the Italians, and above all of the well-fed spriteful French, into the embrace of Communism, as well as the slide of Britain into what has been described as "Anglo-Communism," serves to demonstrate the remarkable accuracy of Howell's 300-year-old sociological analysis.

Thus words tend to draw the mind into excessive rigor and destructive roles. "The limited number of familiar images take their turn again and again: *fire, fever, earthquake, storm*...How perverse it must have seemed to some that men's hearts could leap with joy at the prospect of natural catastrophes which in normal responses on land and sea caused men to shudder in mortal fear!"

Mountains, which have always intrigued and inspired men, have been sequestered for revolutionary service. To Goethe and Hölderlin they were a symbol of repose. Not so to the revolutionaries. "Thus a voice on the mountainside is enough to set off an avalanche. One word too many may be followed by a landslide." Victor Hugo wrote these words shortly after the Paris Commune of 1871. And Mr. Lasky finds that "revolution belongs in its way to the paradigmatic gestures of archaic humanity, to the archetypes of the primordial world."

And now "the intellectuals of utopia and revolution—clever, versatile, excitable, volatile, never reforming, always transforming—have come full turn. In their end is their beginning. The King is on his way to the scaffold. The cataclysm is upon us, the globe is in upheaval. All present things will be destroyed at once. Guiltless and without conscience, they embrace an anonymous future in the name of invented but undisclosed values. The sweet dream has become inviolate dogma. The revolution remains their utopia."

Thus Mr. Lasky ends his thoughtful book. Yet it would be false to the book's spirit to leave the reader with this eloquent summing up. The true message is elsewhere. It lies, I am sure, in the quotation from Raymond Aron:

"If tolerance is born of doubt, let us teach everyone to doubt all the models and utopias, to challenge all the prophets of redemption and the heralds of catastrophe. If they alone can abolish fanaticism, let us pray for the advent of sceptics."

It lies in the quotation from Kant:

"The sweet feeling of benevolence must be sought for and realized by gradual reform in the light of firm principles...."

To this Mr. Lasky adds: "The utopians loved mankind too much, and the revolutionaries loved men too little." □

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BOOK REVIEW

The Affluent Society

John Kenneth Galbraith (Third Edition, Revised) / Houghton Mifflin / $7.95

George Bittlingmayer

It has been almost twenty years since John Kenneth Galbraith was first inspired by the Profits of Forecasting Doom to tell us that we are engaged in a no-win rat race. A whole generation afflicted with guilt over its own good fortune, and mildly curious about how all those goodies came into existence, and why, despite them, we are still unhappy, took its economic truth from that first edition of *The Affluent Society*. A copy of the book was invariably to be found with the *I Ching* and one of Hermann Hesse's essays on navel contemplation, and its message came eventually to serve as the conventional wisdom at innumerable cocktail parties on the Upper East Side. It was, if you were a bit leftish or just politically confused, an absorbing and believable drama, complete with the angels, archangels, and fallen angels of the secular heavens (Marx and Veblen battling U.S. Steel and the Republicans). And it was also a formula about whose likelihood of success Galbraith had no doubts, as he tells us in the introduction to the recently released third edition. He was to try that formula twice again, but with diminishing returns, first in *The New Industrial State* and then in *Economics and the Public Purpose*, his "final summary volume" on our ailments and his cures.

The new *Affluent Society* holds few surprises, and its argument should by now be familiar to any long-suffering reader of the *Times* Op-Ed page. We place too much emphasis on producing more goods because our notions concerning work and production, like those of a self-made man, belong to an age of scarcity and are ill-suited to an age of affluence. This tendency toward over-production is reinforced by an aggressive and costly ($15 billion per year) advertising effort that plays on human frailties and dupes more people into working more hours than would otherwise be the case. And if this isn't bad enough, there is also a chronic "social imbalance," an insufficient provision of government services, stemming from the reluctance of the citizens to pay what Galbraith has elsewhere called their "proper taxes."

Now the claim made on the jacket blurb is that "the author has...set many aspects of his basic argument into the wider perspectives opened up by the intervening years." Yet if the truth must be told, not much has changed from the second edition that appeared in 1969. Galbraith is still confident of his ability and the ability of like-minded folks to plan and direct the rest of us to a better world. When he writes glowingly about the "well-run and well-regulated community, with a sound school system, good recreational opportunities and a good police force—in short, a community where public services have kept pace with private production," we can imagine how badly he would like to be at the controls, running the show with the absorption of a model train fanatic, a little more recreation here, a little less production there. Galbraith acquired his taste for this sort of thing during his World War II stint as a price controller and has been itching ever since to do social planning on a grander scale.

Unchanged too is his ability to write without irony about the Soviet Union as a place where people have "the ability to concentrate their lesser scientific and engineering resources more effectively to their chosen ends." The contrast between the Soviet Union, where people choose their ends, and the United States, where people are told what to do by Madison Avenue, is indeed striking.

What has changed in the new, improved edition? There are some obligatory additions to the Introduction that mention that Keynesian economics didn't turn out to be all that was promised, and that the author had erred in not realizing what a danger defense expenditures were to peace and laughter. More significant is the deletion from the second edition of a paragraph that had expressed the view that agricultural over-production is inevitable in the absence of Galbraithian production controls. Citing the experience of the Great Depression, Galbraith had observed in the earlier edition that "in the early days of the New Deal, the slaughter of little pigs, a primitive form of production control, created a mild form of political trauma." In the wake of meat shortages, the interruption of many agricultural price supports, and record exports abroad, better judgment dictated that those remarks had to go. There was no inevitable tendency toward over-production. It's a shame Marx isn't around to do some paragraph-snipping.

An addition that offers some insight into the author's personality is his observation that a depression can occur before rising prices are stabilized, that is, while they are rising as in 1974. Galbraith then takes the opportunity to make himself appear prescient by adding in a footnote: "As the experience of the mid-seventies has also affirmed." It's a rare crystal ball that allows you to "predict" in 1976 what happened two years earlier!

So, we remain with the question, if the new *Affluent Society* is pretty much like the old, what prompted it? Putting aside the matter of the author's desire to correct a few failed predictions and to update a couple of figures, we are left with two explanations. The first is that the new edition was born of the "need to produce" and midwifed by the publisher's advertising effort which is enticing readers with the claim that "now in its updated form, it is essential reading for all Americans."

The second explanation is that Galbraith has at his command more economic insight than we had thought, and knows that nothing destroys a book's used-market circulation like the appearance of a new edition. □

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HARVARD'S TALLEST TALE

(continued from page 4)

the case with *The Affluent Society*, where he ascribed mysterious powers of enchantment to advertising. According to Dr. Galbraith the Madison Avenue magnificoes were enslaving millions of grown men and women into making purchases that were useless and at times even injurious. The book received exuberant praise from his fans amongst the congenitally fearful, but when economists examined his claims they discovered advertising to be unexplored territory. *Hesto presto* Dr. Galbraith opened fantastic research opportunities for hundreds of young scholars. True, their research has almost always found his conclusions doltish, but in mankind's struggle up from darkness no contribution is to be sniffed at.

Further, the economists fail to appreciate the clarity and mellifluousness of his prose. Perhaps this is because they almost all write in an idiom vaguely suggestive of the dialect heard on police radios, but when they read Dr. Galbraith they ought to take notice. He is one of the most elegant writers of English now practicing the art. His 1969 book, *The New Industrial State*

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superbly illustrates my point. When it came out the profs all began carping that it was idiotic, contradictory of his nonsense in *American Capitalism*, and no closer to the truth. John Jewkes complained that "nearly all the systematic evidence has run counter to it." Harold Demsetz demonstrated that its statement that large corporations sacrifice profits for large sales was unsupportable; that its claim that defense suppliers control their futures through their connections with government was ludicrous; and that its assertion that corporations use their control of prices, advertising, and government intervention to lead trouble-free lives was again unsupportable. Economists as different as Sir Frank McFadzean and Robert Solow were merciless, and their minds were not changed when Charles Reich joined in the book's defense. One can imagine the glaze coming over Dr. Galbraith's eyes as he was notified of Charlie's revelation that *The New Industrial State* "changed my life." Charlie was then a leading theorist for the back-to-the-womb movement.

On purely economic grounds *The New Industrial State* was indeed tommyrot but as a piece of poetry it was lovely stuff, full of memorable lines about the "technostructure" and "the pathologically romantic." In it Dr. Galbraith displayed not only his ability to render beautiful the eminently preposterous but also his talent for comedy. In fact Dr. Galbraith is an accomplished *farceur*. And he is especially funny when dealing with the likes of Friedrich Hayek, Milton Friedman, or for that matter almost any intelligent writer or idea. Whether he is trying to be droll or innocently relating the opposition's ideas as he understands them is an issue over which men of good will may differ. As far as I can judge, his humorous treatment of other people's intelligence is intentional, for it is characteristic of a truly great American mountebank to be able to run arpeggios across the whole range of human emotions. His woeful tirades about the injustices of the American system could move the faces of Mount Rushmore to weep, his exposés of the Wall Street mafia could arouse fires of righteous indignation in Oscar Wilde, and his innumerable variations on the theme of nineteenth-century residues in Friedmanite economics still bring a chuckle from Dr. Galbraith's skiing partner, William Buckley, though Buckley has been hearing the joke in its original for thirty years.

There is a genuine elegance in Dr. Galbraith's mountebankery. Consider the major theme of *The Affluent Society*: our alleged "private opulence and public squalor." The sonorous terms and their juxtaposition are so lovely as to dulcify a gout-ridden captain of industry into momentarily forgetting—even in April—that the impoverished public sector which Galbraith laments has fattened up handsomely since 1929. Then it munched but 10 percent of the Gross National Product; today it chomps down over 40 percent of the GNP and smacks its lips in anticipation of the rest. Incidentally, only a few years after Dr. Galbraith did so well off his disquisition on the affluent society he did even better with the war on poverty. That war might not have done much for the disadvantaged, but it greatly enlarged and enriched Dr. Galbraith's audience, creating lush opportunities for thousands of social workers, social scientists, and other prospective customers of the Galbraithian bunk.

Dr. Galbraith's acuity in adapting his spiel to changing enthusiasms has now been baldly displayed in the third edition of *The Affluent Society*. When the first edition appeared, egalitarianism fevered only a handful of America's left-wing dreamers, and so Dr. Galbraith's treatment of it was brief, suggesting in fact a steady trend toward equality. By the third edition his customers had grown addicted to the egalitarian moonshine, lost in the conviction that America harbored ever wider economic disparities. Dr. Galbraith's response was to mix up a potion that would sell. In his first edition he states that the poorest ten percent of families and unattached individuals "received after taxes about one percent of the total money incomes," and the top ten percent of American incomes "averaged 27 times as much as the lowest tenth." In the third edition he updates these figures and finds himself in a pickle, for there has been considerable equalization between top and bottom income groups. Even the slippery statistics he resorts to show as much. The lowest tenth now receives "2 percent" of the total money incomes and the top ten percent now averages only "14 times" as much as the bottommost, and this is no longer "after taxes" but "before taxes." Hence to keep his readers buying, not only does he dissemble by ignoring the trend toward equality, but he actually slips in a sentence calculated to inflame them: "It is only necessary to observe that for many years no serious effort has been made to alter the present distribution of income." Furthermore he has deleted from the third edition certain incriminating charts, which reveal significant equalization in the first half of this century.

Now the sheer fecundity of Dr. Galbraith's nonsense has provoked many scholars to ruminate over his intellectual origins. The arrogance, the paternalism, the contempt for ordinary people, the reliance on ipsedixitisms regardless of their factual ricketiness, and the statism have inspired some to identify him as a child of nineteenth-century Tory Radicalism. This judgment seems far off the mark. On the basis of the evils he has discoursed upon in his books, one clearly sees that he is a typically American hayseed mountebank retooled for a modern audience. That is to say, he is a haranguer full of hatred for sound money, Eastern bankers, big business, the diversity and progress of a free society, and the dynamism and easy skepticism of urban life. His apparent arrogance might be more accurately perceived as a pride in one's own inferior prejudices. No Arkansas cracker was ever more smug about his belief in the Good Book and the mule than Galbraith is about his imbecile stew of Marx, Thorstein Veblen, and half-baked Keynesianism. To find Galbraith's antecedents one need not look to the grave of some aristocratic British philosopher. Look to Cotton Ed Smith standing midst the dust and horseflies of some jerkwater metropolis, terrorizing the credulous with tales of the evils of Shylock bankers and indoor plumbing. Or look to Gerald L.K. Smith. Until he drew his last greedy breath he dreamt of a peasants' army of Christian morons marching out of Oklahoma, advancing gloriously on the delicatessens and libraries of New York. Galbraith beholds mechanized divisions, revving up their Volkswagens and Volvos and roaring out of all the college towns of America; Luddite sophomores encircling New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, closing forever the messy factories, destroying the banks. Advertising executives will be guillotined immediately, and the jails will bulge with every wealthy American not working for the Department of HEW and related industries. There you have Dr. Galbraith's antecedents. That they were all grasping yahoos is amusing. That they have all been inimical to freedom is not so humorous. □

Great Americans Series

"Well, a good ole boy...is somebody that rides around in a pick-up truck—which I do—and drinks beer and puts 'em in a litter bag. A redneck's one that rides around in a pick-up truck and drinks beer and throws 'em out the window."

—William (Billy) Carter
of Plains, Georgia

"Speaking of art, there's a fellow over in Terre Haute can spit clean over a boxcar."

—Eugene Field
(1850-1895)

A man that'd expict to thrain lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic; but a man that thinks men can be tu-rned into angels be an illiction is called a rayformer an' remains at large.

—Martin Dooley
in *Mr. Dooley's Opinions*
by Finley Peter Dunne

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CURRENT WISDOM

Daily World

From the esteemed organ of the Communist Party of the USA comes word of yet another astonishing benefit of Marxist-Leninist whim wham:

PHILADELPHIA—Not only does the Daily World/Voz del Pueblo spread the truth about socialism to workers, it also cures minor aches and pains, as leaders of Philadelphia's first Red Saturday found out March 26. In the enthusiasm generated by a distribution of nearly 1,000 papers in workingclass neighborhoods through Philadelphia, two of those leaders, Dave Bell and Elsie Dickerson, found their stomach problems and headaches gone at the end of the day.

[*April 1, 1977*]

The New Republic

The redoubtable TRB admires the Rt. Hon. Parren Mitchell's sensible and generous reaction to the modern equivalent of *Birth of a Nation*. Ever onward to racial harmony!

The new leader of the black caucus in the House, Rep. Parren Mitchell (D-Md.), told a $10-a-plate luncheon of middle-class black professionals here last week that he was so worked up by *Roots* that he could not endure it after the second episode. He was glad, he said emotionally, that no white friend called on him at just that moment—he could not have controlled his rage.

[*February 12, 1977*]

The Progressive

A sociological note from The Wave of the Future:

Out there in America, there is not only a Woolworth's on every Main Street but a Red Squad in every police force.

[*March 1977*]

New York Times Book Review

The Freudian art form achieves new heights as duly reported by a reviewer of *Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy*, by David Abrahamsen, M.D.:

Yet the young Nixon was intelligent, ambitious and industrious, a boy who wanted desperately to achieve the respectability that had eluded his father. He became a champion debater in high school—a sign of his oral fixation, the author says.

[*March 27, 1977*]

The New York Times

Still more wisdom from HUD Secretary Mrs. Patricia Roberts Harris, who assured listeners at her confirmation hearings that "I know what it's like to be black and poor. I've been there."

"I feel New York is every human being's second home. It's just a remarkable kind of place, the way Paris is. I remember things like the Met, Bloomingdale's, the Guggenheim, Bonwit's. So I have a kind of affection for New York, especially when I'm not there."

[*April 8, 1977*]

The Great Books Series

The astonishingly energetic visionaries of something called the "Youth Liberation Program" deliver up a propitious bull for America's downtrodden:

Every day, it becomes clearer that we might be the last generation in the experiment with living. The problems facing humanity are so huge that some of us think working for change is futile. We of Youth Liberation, however, will not be led either to the treadmill or to the slaughterhouse like "good Germans." We know there is a basic decision to make: either we stay quiet and become part of a system of oppression, or we seize control of our lives, take risks, and struggle to build something new. We believe that problems have causes and that by studying these causes we can learn solutions. We know that young people have power if we take and use it. We must liberate ourselves from the death grip of corporate America. We must take control of our lives, because within us is the seed of a new reality—a seed that cannot grow until our lives are our own. It is a reality of ecstasy, made up of love, justice, freedom, peace, and plenty....

The Children's Rights Movement
Edited by Beatrice and Ronald Gross
[Anchor Press / Doubleday]

The Washington Star

Beauty note from the *haut monde* of elegant Nashville:

There's a new craze in Nashville, Tenn. and because of it drugstores can't keep Preparation H in stock. Men as well as women have discovered that the hemorrhoid treatment cream noted for shrinking tissue works wonders on sagging necks.

No kidding. Social Nashville got the idea from European beauty experts, though the popularity of the ointment as a "neck-lift" was reported in news magazines out of trend-setting California some time ago.

By now, "Everybody in Nashville is using Preparation H on their necks," confirms Virginia Keathley, woman's editor of the Nashville Tennessean. "It shrinks all that tissue and makes them look wonderful."

[*February 27, 1977*]

Mother Jones

Another learned vaticination from the incomparable *Mother Jones* reveals the state of medical inquiry amongst America's New Age quacks:

Food. It's going to turn out that the "acceptable" amounts of rodent droppings and vermin hairs in packaged foods are the only healthy things in them. Unless the rats and roaches have been eating packaged food themselves; then their excrement and antennae are no better (if no worse) than the endless variety of cancer-producing chemicals that make our diets so piquant.

If you have any remaining illusions about the social conscience of big business, I invite you to look into the $145-billion-a-year food industry. You really need the Puritan-paranoid instincts of Thomas Pynchon to do it right.

[*April 1977*]

New Times

The Simone de Beauvoir of Washington speaks out with the clarity we have come to associate with the capital of Western Civilization:

In reference to your article "The shattering of Wayne Hays" (October 15, 1976), I just want to call your attention to your statement that Dan Rosen, "Captain Dan," called me after a failure at a bar and came by my place and left before day light because he didn't want to wake up to me. The statement is not true. I have never ever been out with Captain Dan or he has never been to my place or I have never been to his or around him. I lived in the same apartment building he did at one time. I don't or never had any physical contact with Dan Rosen.

Elizabeth Ray
Arlington, Virginia

[*April 1, 1977*]

The New Republic

Brandeis sociologist, Dr. George Ross, volunteers a delightful specimen of that which makes the worldly sociologist larf and larf:

...Chirac has demonstrated a capacity for making anti-communist appeals almost comical. He was quoted, for example, congratulating the people of Paris after the elections for having kept their city in the "camp of liberty."

[*April 9, 1977*]

The Progressive

Another artfully crafted heuristic interlude on the muzzy pages of our favorite insane asylum:

Between 1968 and 1975, the Pentagon spent almost $130 million on improvements in the Sparrow III air-to-air missile. During the same eight-year period, the World Health Organization conducted a successful smallpox-eradication program around the world at a cost of $83 million.

[*March 1977*]

WomaNews

Another thoughtful observation from one of the more rigorous theoretical journals of the women's movement:

Witchcraft is the only religion today that reveres women.

[*January 1977*]

The Dallas Times Herald

From the correspondence section of the *Dallas Times Herald* comes proof of a moral resurgence in the Gomorrah of the Southwest:

The City Council should move swiftly on the menance [sic] to morality posed by vulgar bumper stickers.

Imagine, the same streets regularly traveled by families on their way to church have become forums for sordid messages cleverly inviting indecent acts and blasphemous behavior.

Nothing less than an ordinance will do.

Donald R. Bustion II
Dallas

[*September 5, 1975*]

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Rich Faverty—Time Magazine © Time, Inc.

As featured in *Time* magazine!

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of The Alternative
"...he lives in country-gentleman comfort."—*Time*, March 7, 1977

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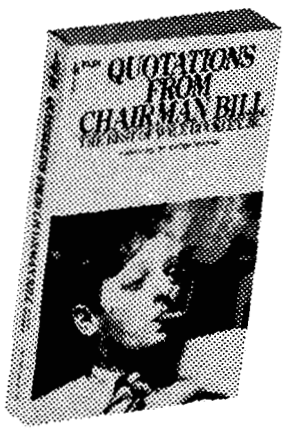

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